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ECHO OF AN OLD REFRAIN

By ISABEL MOORE

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY
6 MAY 1947
NEW SOUTH WALES

HERE everything good and wonderful had begun for her — here beneath stars silvered on a dark blue ceiling, shimmering on the pale blond heads of the chorus girls—and it never failed to give her a sweep of triumph to return here.

"Darling," she had said to Gus over and over again, "I just adore the Thirty-Forty Club. I mean, some couples have country lanes or boats or summer resorts that they want to go back to on every anniversary, but I always want to go back to the Thirty-Forty Club. I think we ought to carve our initials on the dance floor or on that table you always sat at, watching me."

"I watched you all right, baby," Gus told her fondly, his cold, hard eyes turning warm for her as they always did. "You bet I did! When Gus Hatrack gets a girl, he wants to be sure she's the most beautiful girl in town. And you certainly are, with that lemon-colored hair of yours swinging around your shoulders and the way you hold your head as though you knew you were terrific."

"You didn't love her this much, did you?" She always asked that question. Asked with a small, soft pout that required a kiss to smooth it out, and in a small, hurt, jealous tone.

"Dorrie didn't come near you, baby. She was just a nice little country girl that Gus married before he knew his way around——"

Before he had a small fortune to spend and before he realised what he could buy with it. Youth was what he could buy, and what he wanted. He was terrified of growing old—Margot had never known anyone who had such a horror of years. But he could forget them when he looked at her.

His thinning hair, his thickening waistline were all forgotten, Margot knew, when he turned his head at a night-club and saw her thick, gleaming hair and her broad-shouldered, hipless body.

He would say, then, in endless appreciation of this miracle that had befallen him, "How I ever got you, baby——"

And Margot would think, with brand-new thanksgiving: How I ever got you——

Because no one had thought that it could be done.

"Listen, Margot, men like Gus Hatrack don't marry chorus girls. Not even beautiful chorus girls with nice clean, decent backgrounds . . . You're just wasting your time. Why, his wife would never give him a divorce, even if he wanted one."

But Margot had faith. In herself and in Mr. Hatrack. Dorrie—she knew his wife's name by then—whoever and wherever she might be, had never had a chance. For night after night Mr. Hatrack came and sat and watched, his eyes studying her as they must have studied a new model of Hatrack Heavy Duty Trucks.

Then, finally convinced, finding no flaw in the model, he had reached across the table one evening to pick up her left hand.

"Baby," he had said, "do you think a beautiful young girl like you could learn to get along with a bad-tempered old man like me—for life?"

"Why, Gus," she had said, "Gus, you're married——"

"I'll take care of Dorrie," he had said. "Don't you worry your pretty little head about that. After all," he said, "a man outgrows a woman like Dorrie—a woman who won't keep up."

"But she's in love with you," Margot said. She never knew why she said that, or how she knew it, but she had. Perhaps because she, herself, was suddenly and unaccountably in love with this powerful-bodied, hard-eyed man, and that was the most incredible part of the whole thing.

Dorrie had never believed for a minute that Margot was in love with Gus. She had even come to Margot's apartment once, bursting in on her unexpectedly.

"So there you are!" she had screamed. "You're the woman who took my husband from me! Well, he'll do the same thing to you—just wait, you blond hussy. Just wait——" And then she had collapsed in a small, plump, grey-haired heap, sobbing until Gus had gathered her up and taken her downstairs to a taxi.

"Poor Dorrie," he had said when he came back. "Poor old Dorrie——"

There had been something awful about the way he said it. There was no reason why Margot should have shivered, and yet she did shiver.

She felt as though that red-eyed, weeping woman had put some witch's curse on her happiness.

"Superstition," Gus had laughed. "Come on now, let's forget it——"

And she had. There was no reason to remember it, since Gus was the soul of kindness and generosity and tenderness. He was so proud to think that anything so lovely should be his wife. After Dorrie, of course, he would feel that way—Dorrie who had been frankly middle-aged.

She was the exact counterpart of the wife of Gus' best friend and business partner, Tom Bender, and probably the reason Margot suddenly remembered Dorrie to-night was that she found Louise Bender just inside the door of the Thirty-Forty Club, in worried consultation with the head waiter.

"I'm sure Mr. Bender had a table for us here. A table for two. It's our wedding anniversary and I specially asked to come here."

Please turn to page 17

"New dress, isn't it, baby? I like the color, but not that new hipline," Gus said.

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CHALLENGE TO ROMANCE

By . . .

WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

"It's late. I must return to the city," Geraldine said, and turned to him imperiously.

GUY BRESLAY knew the river had risen. He knew it was bad and he knew, also, that it would be worse. He stepped rapidly across the wharf, and was startled by the battered appearance of the ship. Plainly the crossing had been bad.

The ship had brought the Provincial Touring Company of Artistes from Paris to New Orleans—actors, actresses, manager, director, musicians, and, this year, Geraldine Cartier.

Guy Breslay was on the wharf's edge when the first boat came off, moving awkwardly against the tobacco-brown, sullen flood. As it drew near, he saw the girl in the stern.

He had recognised the others; he had seen them all before, in seasons past. But the girl was new to him. Would she, then, be Ninon's granddaughter? The shoulders— She carried her shoulders high, proudly, as Ninon did. There was the same kind of haughty assurance about her. Yes—without doubt this could only be the granddaughter of Ninon Cartier.

Guy felt a surge of excitement. He walked quickly to the landing-stage.

It was in his mind at that moment that he would miss Ninon Cartier more than he had expected. How odd to see the ship from France, these members of the company—but not Ninon. She who had come so many seasons to sing in New Orleans and had become a legend.

She had written to Guy Breslay: "I have arranged with Beauharnais that my granddaughter Geraldine be given a trial with the company. Do you recall that I have sometimes spoken to you of Geraldine? She is eighteen now——"

The boat scraped alongside. Guy Breslay lifted his hand in a sign of greeting to Beauharnais, the director—dapper as ever and as pink of cheek. And at the short ladder he leaned and caught the girl's hand. He steadied her as she came on the wharf.

"You're Geraldine Cartier," he said. She stared up at him a little breathlessly and answered, "Yes."

"My name is Breslay—Guy Breslay."

"Oh," she said. And then, "Of course."

She was slender, and her oval face seemed luminously white. Her eyes had a depth he could not calculate.

"Welcome to New Orleans," he said. The girl said impassively, "Thank you." Then her eyes moved over the low line of wharves and rude warehouses.

"Tell me about Ninon," Guy said. "Ninon's well. Of course, she's too old now to travel. But she's well."

"She wrote to me about you," he said.

"I know."

As she spoke, it seemed to him that her shoulders tightened with a kind of suppressed antagonism. He was disturbed and puzzled.

The wharf had grown noisy, alive, bustling. Greetings were shouted. Guy touched the girl's arm.

"We have much to talk about," he said. "Will you have a morning coffee to celebrate your arrival? It's the colonial custom, you know." She seemed to hesitate, then agreed with a flick of her head. They crossed a little park behind the jetty, and in a dim, tiled cafe Guy called for coffee.

When it came he proposed a toast to the Provincial Touring Company. He was suddenly very gay. But Geraldine Cartier did not respond.

Guy was conscious of her preoccupation. She met his eyes and read his face. She said, low, "I'd better tell you now, at the start, that I know what Ninon wrote to you——"

He nodded quickly, putting into words what he felt there was to say. "She wrote that you were coming out with the company. That they were giving you a trial this season. And that you sang very remarkably well indeed."

"That isn't all," the girl said coldly.

A frown brushed Guy's forehead. True, as she said, that wasn't all; uneasiness, a rush of embarrassment, touched him. And in his mind raced more of the words Ninon had written:

"Because we're old friends, I feel I can speak to you frankly. Geraldine is my well-beloved granddaughter, but I do not close my eyes to her faults. She's headstrong, Guy, and self-willed. I'm afraid there is a wildness in her. Perhaps I should warn you . . ."

He flushed. "There isn't anything for you to be angry about. At least, there's no reason for you to be offended with me."

But her antagonism was obvious now. She leaned forward, her small hands clenched on the table.

"I read Ninon's letter to you," she said. "On her desk in her house in Paris. That was wrong, no doubt. But I saw it, and I read a line of it, and then I read all of it. It is unforgiveable that she should have written to you as she did."

She stood up suddenly. "Will you take me back to the wharf? I must arrange for my luggage."

She did not wait for him. She walked out of the cafe and he, shrugging, followed. . . .

At noon Guy went for luncheon, and had been ten minutes at table alone in the restaurant when a hand fell on his arm and Paul Hugo was beside him. There were lines of worry on his broad face as he said, "What do you think of the river?"

"It's bad," Guy said. "But it won't touch the city."

"No. I agree. I don't think it will touch the city. But it may be bad for you and me."

Please turn to page 19

"it's all a matter of inches"

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NO WIND OF BLAME

By . . . GEORGETTE HEYER

VARIOUS occurrences upset the shooting and dinner party which ERMYNTRUDE CARTER, flamboyant ex-actress, gives at her lovely English country home. Her household consists of her husband, WALLY CARTER; VICKY FANSHAWE, her daughter by a former marriage; and MARY CLIFFE, Wally's cousin and ward. Guests include ALEXIS VARASASHVILI, exotic Russian prince; SIR WILLIAM and LADY DERING, and their barrister son HUGH; DR. MAURICE CHESTER; and ROBERT STEEL.

Wally is antagonistic to the prince; Steel, in love with Ermyntrude, resents Wally's treatment of her; Ermyntrude is upset by Wally's association with HAROLD WHITE, who is living in Greystanes Dower House, with his son ALAN and daughter JANET.

As the last straw for Ermyntrude, a local youth, PERCY BAKER, comes to the house declaring that Wally has had an affair with his sister GLADYS, and demanding money from him. Next day, in a state of nervous collapse, Ermyntrude asks Mary to summon Dr. Chester. Now read column 1:

DR. CHESTER answered the call himself. He asked what was the matter with Ermyntrude, and when Mary replied guardedly that she was suffering from one of her nervous attacks, he said: "I see. All right, I'll come along at once," in his unemotional but reassuring way.

He had been at the point of setting out on his round, and he arrived at Greystanes ten minutes later, encountering in the hall Prince Varasashvili, who had changed into tennis flannels and was going out to join Vicky and Alan on the court.

Prostrate Ermyntrude might be, but she was not the woman to receive any man (even her doctor) in a tumbled wrapper, with her hair in disorder and her face not made-up. A message was brought down to Dr. Chester that she would see him in ten minutes' time if he would be good enough to wait; and the Prince at once took it upon himself to conduct him into the morning-room, and to beguile the time for him with conversation.

When Mary came, not ten, but twenty minutes later, to summon the doctor, she found that he had been cajoled into talking about prehistoric remains, the study of which was one of his hobbies.

He had collected a certain amount of pottery and a number of flint weapons in the Dordogne, and in East Anglia, but the Prince claimed to have visited Anau, in South Turkistan, and was describing some fragments of pottery of geometric pattern in a way that made it seem probable that he really had seen these treasures.

Dr. Chester remained with Ermyntrude for quite half an hour. When he at last left her he found Mary waiting for him in a large window embrasure halfway up the broad staircase. He smiled at her look of inquiry and sat down beside her on the window-seat. "All right," he said briefly.

"Go back, Vicky! You mustn't come any nearer!" Janet cried urgently.

"I suppose she told you the whole sordid story?"

"Oh yes."

"It's about the limit of Wally," Mary said. "I don't wonder Aunt Ermy's upset. I only wish I knew what I could do to help."

"There's nothing that you can do," he replied.

"I know, and I feel futile. I did suggest divorce to her, but it didn't go down very well."

"No, she wouldn't like that."

"Well, what have you advised her to do? You may just as well tell me, for she will."

"Pay, and look pleasant."

"Maurice, you haven't! But why should she? Really, that sticks in my throat!"

"My dear girl, either she must pay, or face the very scandal she dreads. There's nothing more to be said about that."

"What's Baker demanding? Does anyone know?"

"Five hundred."

"Maurice, it's blackmail!"

He shrugged.

"But, Maurice, it may not even be true?"

"Apparently, Carter knows that equally it may be true."

"You can't seriously approve of Aunt Ermy's being made to pay a sum like that!"

"I think it's very hard luck on Ermyntrude, but I also think Gladys Baker has been grossly imposed upon."

"Yes, if she'd been a sheltered plant; but as far as I can make out she's nothing of the sort, but perfectly able to take care of herself." She added crossly: "I never thought you'd give advice like that to Aunt Ermy. As a matter of fact, I was afraid you'd wish to get rid of Wally, and do nothing about this mess of his."

He looked at her in faint surprise. "Why should I?"

"Well, I know you're fond of her, and you can't pretend that you think Wally's going to improve with keeping."

"You're quite right—I am fond of her, but I know very well that a divorce would only make her unhappy. As for your Cousin Wally, this episode may have taught him a lesson."

"You know perfectly well that nothing will ever teach him anything," sighed Mary.

Please turn to page 21

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Mother Instinct ever blooming
Nurtured by the Tree of Love

Greetings to Every Mother
from
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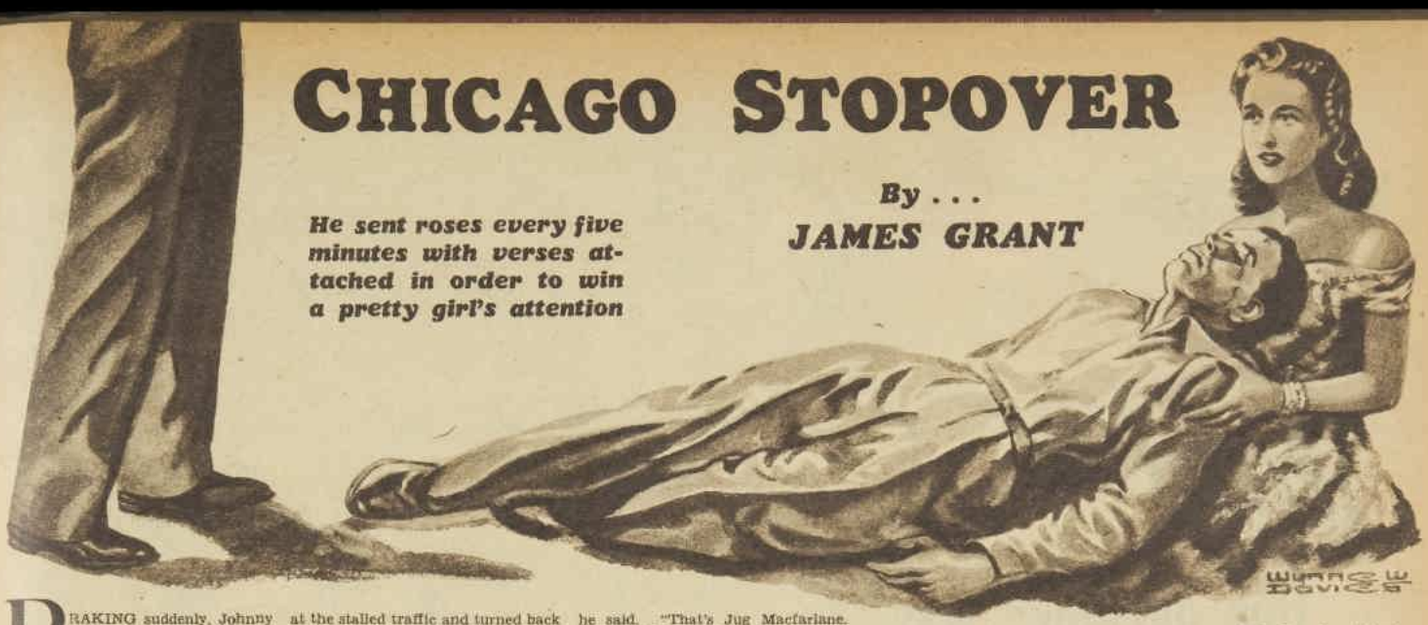
CHICAGO STOPOVER

He sent roses every five minutes with verses attached in order to win a pretty girl's attention

By . . .
JAMES GRANT



BRAKING suddenly, Johnny Farr brought the hired roadster to an abrupt stop as the bus pulled away, leaving the pretty dark-haired girl gazing ruefully after it. Johnny touched the horn discreetly.

The girl looked at him, and immediately her face went impassive. Beside Johnny, Jug Macfarlane grinned sardonically.

"War's been over too long," he remarked. "People are tired of homecoming heroes. They don't even look at fighter-pilots any more, let alone infantry lieutenants. Infantrymen never ranked, anyway."

"I was an infantryman," Johnny said, "and I always ranked." He touted the horn again insistently.

A truck behind him blasted on a baritone horn but Johnny turned the key in the ignition and got out of the car. He walked over to the girl, showed even teeth in a gentle grin, and said, "Look, I'm all readjusted to civilian life and quite harmless. Let me give you a lift."

The ensuing silence was blasted by the truck horn. Two taxicabs and a passenger car also set their horns blaring. Johnny looked blandly at the stalled traffic and turned back to the girl. "You're making a lot of people late for work," he said. "Come ride with me. Don't be provincial."

"You're wasting your time, Lieutenant," the girl said. "I think I'll call a policeman."

Johnny looked across the boulevard. A heavy-set traffic policeman was threading his way through the traffic lanes.

"You don't have to call him," Johnny said cheerfully. "He's coming all by himself. Of course, when he gets here I'm going to have you arrested. I'll say you were a maid in our house and you ran off with mother's pet silver teapot . . ."

She tried to stare him down and failed and said, "You wouldn't dare."

"Wait till the cop gets here," he said. "I'll do it, though I'm gambling that you'll get in the car with me before we're committed to action."

She looked at the snarled traffic and the oncoming policeman, then laughed. "All right, soldier. Let's go."

He put her in the car, motioning Jug to drive. "I'm Johnny Farr," he said. "That's Jug Macfarlane. He and Georgie Patton helped me win the battle of Europe."

"How do," said Jug. "Modest, isn't he?"

He swung the car into traffic, careful not to look at the angry police officer.

"And this," said Johnny, "is Miss er—er . . . ?"

"Traylor," she said. "Lynn Traylor. . . . Look, soldier, this doesn't make sense. It's true my leanings are toward the tall, wavy-haired type . . . but I've already got one."

"Married?" Johnny asked.

"Engaged," she told him.

"That," said Johnny happily, "isn't necessarily permanent. Lynn, you believe in love at first sight, don't you?"

"No." She shook her dark curls. "I've known Charlie all my life."

Johnny bent a stern eye on her. "I was not discussing Charlie. . . . I was discussing me. Us. Look, Lynn, live boldly. Grasp the fleeting moment. Don't go where you're going. Spend the day with me. This may be your last chance. I leave in the morning for Des Moines, Iowa, where Jug and I are to buy a gas station——"

"Just stay on the boulevard," she told Jug. "I'll tell you when to turn."

"There are times," said Johnny Farr, "when life seems hardly worthwhile. Have you no heart? . . . Think of me in Iowa, pining away."

"Turn left," Lynn told Jug. "Stop at the next corner."

Johnny stared in amazement as they stopped outside a large building. "A schoolgirl," he said. "She's smart as well as beautiful." He read aloud: "Northwestern Medical School."

"That's right." Lynn got out of the roadster and grinned at Jug. "Goodbye, soldier. I hope you like Des Moines."

"I like you," Jug said. "Johnny makes no time with you. It soothes my inferiority complex."

"Lynn, let me walk you into school. Let me carry your books." Johnny followed her across the sidewalk. "Meet me after school and let's swing on a gate. I'll be waiting here at lunch-time."

"Don't wait, soldier," she told him. "I won't appear. Good-bye."

She left him standing there among a crowd of hurrying students.

Jug grinned as he came back to the car. "Mission failed," he said.

Johnny said casually, "Objective partially gained. Got a date for lunch."

"She won't keep the date," Jug said.

"Won't she!" said Johnny. "I improvised. Slipped my bankroll into her purse while she wasn't looking."

"It would tickle me," Jug said, "if she lammed. Of course, we need that dough for the gas station we're going to buy, but it would almost be worth it."

"Her?" Johnny scoffed. "Run off with a soldier's money? Never."

"His eye is hurt," Lynn said in an agitated voice. "Get a car. He must have a doctor to attend him."

Lynn shook her head as she saw Johnny standing in the stream of students at lunchtime.

"Soldier," she said, handing him the roll of bills, "you might have lost all that money. Suppose I'd given you a false name? Suppose I didn't come back?"

"Look," he said. "If you didn't come back, fifteen hundred or fifteen million wasn't going to make life any different from now on. It was going to be bleak."

She inspected his solemn face. "Johnny Farr, you just can't do this. You can't meet a girl and go overboard like that."

"They can't put you in gaol," he said. "Lynn, it's a fait accompli, as the legal fellows say." He put out his hand and took her elbow. "Come on," he said, grinning suddenly.

They lunched at the Drake. Johnny learned that she lived in an old-fashioned house, and that her father was a doctor. But nothing more. Lynn was adamant. She met his argument with simple fact.

"Johnny, I'd have dinner with you this evening, as you're only going to be in town this one night," she said. "But I can't. Charlie's just going to get his discharge from the Navy, and to-night's a celebration dance. It's been planned for months."

His face was so disconsolate she laughed.

Please turn to page 28

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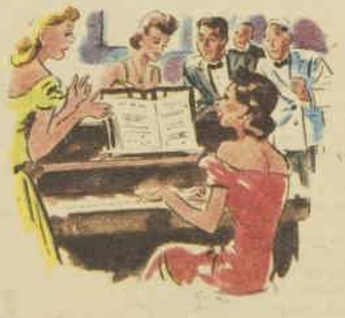

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Australian family claims huge U.S. fortune

MANHATTAN'S fabulous skyline. Here lies 40 acres of land claimed by a Sydney family.

EUNICE. Mrs. Ward brings out Edwards' heirloom china more than 300 years old.

Manhattan millions seem unreal to the Edwards sisters

Six middle-aged Sydney housewives are anxiously awaiting a cable from America that will tell them if they have a good chance of inheriting a fortune of £266,000,000.

They have filed claim to be recognised as the heirs of Robert Edwards, whose estate in Chancery, comprising 40 acres of Manhattan—smartest and most fabulous district of New York's skyscraper and apartment-house area—has remained unclaimed since his death more than a century ago.

THEY are the Edwards sisters, Alice (Mrs. Truscott), Pearl (Mrs. Scheiler), Eunice (Mrs. Ward), Dorothy (Mrs. Bedville), Heather (Mrs. Ritchie) and Gwendoline (Mrs. Young). In their claim they are joined by their only living brother.

DOROTHY. Mrs. Bedville and her children, Bryant and Dorothy (Mrs. Watson), turn up old family portraits in worn family album during discussion on claim.

EDWARDS DESCENDANTS. Twin sisters Marjorie and Phyllis Falconer, daughters by a former marriage of Pearl (Mrs. Scheiler).

When they were growing up in the Sydney suburb of Canterbury, the Edwards sisters were exceptionally nice-looking, with a flair for home dressmaking and millinery. They were brought up, Eunice says, by good and thrifty parents, who supplied a solid though modest background.

That early background gives them to-day a chance of keeping their feet well on the ground, with a breathtaking fortune tantalisingly close.

"As girls," Eunice told us, "we weren't allowed to go out at night. But we were all taught dancing by father in the big parlor.

"Canterbury was like the country then. We had a herd of six Jersey cows to keep us in milk. From the time each of us was six until mother bought a pony and sulky, and used to drive us, we all walked two and a half miles to school every day."

"With so many of us, it was never dull in our house," Dorothy added. "We all were what was called then a little bit artistic; we were taught music, and most of us sketched and painted."

But apart from the fact that their father refused to allow them to be called by abbreviations of their stately, romantic names, classmates of the seven Edwards girls at Canterbury School would have had little idea that they would be claimants to a fortune of £266,000,000.

Quiet, home-loving women, "the girls"—there are six of them to-day, Bernice having died some years ago—seem a little surprised themselves in a laughing, slightly flustered way.

It isn't much good pretending that you aren't privately flurried and thrilled at the prospect of inheriting part of a nine-figure fortune, no matter how stoutly you express unconcern.

Like all members of big families who marry and rear children of their own, the Edwards sisters of late years found themselves scattered and their lives following different paths.

They have kept together no more and no less than most sisters. But the last few days had brought them together again in a way that they haven't had time to be for years.

The telephone wires HAD been running hot, they agreed, laughing at the sudden rush of communication.

Dorothy admitted: "Things have moved so fast since Eunice rang me over a week ago, suggesting that we file a family claim to the fortune, that I just haven't had time to think.

"But we mustn't get too excited about things yet," she warned. "Pearl has only just written for copies of the birth certificates. Until we get those, we haven't really begun."

Pearl was the one, too, who wrote to the District Judge of the New York Probate Office, officially filing claim.

"All the excitement's made me feel a young woman again," she confessed.

It all started when Eunice saw a newspaper paragraph reporting that Robert Edwards' will, after being missing for 100 years, had been found in a tomb in Wales.

The Sydney Edwards' think that Robert Edwards, a native of Wales, who migrated to America in the 1830's, married a wealthy Dutchwoman, and subsequently became owner of a large area of Manhattan Island, was their great-uncle.

He died, leaving no clue to his heirs, and his fortune to-day is said to be worth 800,000,000 dollars.

"We heard about the fortune once before," Dorothy continued. "That was about 40 years ago, when newspapers in every part of the world advertised for people named Edwards to come forward if they had relations who migrated to America in the 1830's.

"Father was then the head of the family. He was happy and comfortable, and did not want to alter things, even if it meant coming into a fortune.

"But his Uncle Robert left Wales for America during that period. As well, he married a Dutchwoman."

"As children, father always told us that the family owned a lot of land in the heart of New York, and that we had a large fortune in Chancery," Eunice said. "The finding of the will should make it easier for us to present our case."

To come into Robert Edwards' money, the Sydney Edwards' will have to beat rival claims from some of the Edwards' of Canada, where an "Edwards' Heirs Association" is fighting for recognition, and Wales, where no fewer than 250 people have banded together to promote their joint claims.

The Edwards sisters here are willing to subscribe to a similar fund when the time is appropriate. At the moment they hope the publicity given their claim by the American papers to whom it was cabled will be of greater value than expensive U.S. legal representation.

PEARL. Mrs. Scheiler, who sent off letters officially filing family claim to the American fortune.

Already other Sydney people named Edwards—not related to this family—have approached them, offering to put up money towards any possible legal fight.

"But it's a family matter," Dorothy explained. "We prefer to go our own way and are quite happy to see them go theirs."

If they succeed in being recognised as Edwards' heirs, "the girls" will be able to enjoy a lot of things that have been out of their reach before, but it won't materially alter their lives.

Most of them already have comfortable homes of their own with pretty gardens.

They are sensible, capable women, who play a busy and useful part in the lives of the communities in which they live, have families who are a credit to them.

"The money, if we get it, will enable us to do something we haven't been able to manage before," Heather said. "That is to travel. None of us has ever been out of Australia."

There will perhaps be furs, even jewels. Cars—why not? But talking to them you get the impression that the old Welsh migrant's money will buy as well ballet seats, specialised medical and engineering courses in other countries, scientific instruments, and the newest engineering books and photographic equipment.

For all "the girls" have children. There are some grandchildren, too. It is the younger ones, studying for careers, who will have the ruts smoothed out and the hard years shortened.

If the dreams of Eunice, herself a World War I nurse, come true, Australia will not be without its memorial to the benefactor that the Sydney Edwards' heard of as children, but never saw.

"If the money comes to us," she said, "I would like more than anything to build a home for retired nurses, a hostel, and an orphanage."

"And there'll be a home for my twin daughters on the piece of land that they already own," added Pearl.

"I am a little bit wary," Alice commented. "But there is no getting away from the fact that the report of the fortune is in keeping with all that father had told us.

"If we're successful, I really don't know what I'd do with my share of the money. I've always felt that money is to do good with, and not to spend on yourself."

"I've been thinking rather along Eunice's lines," Heather said. "It would be a wonderful thing to build a clinic for crippled children."

"You see," Eunice said, "at home we were taught to think of other people and not only of ourselves."

Another claim from Sydney

WITHIN a week of the Edwards sisters filing their claim, Sydney has already produced a second claimant to the £266,000,000 fortune.

He is Robert Edwards, aged 68, of Bourke Street, East Sydney, who was himself born in Wales.

Although they have never met, both Mr. Robert Edwards and the six sisters, whose maiden name was Edwards, claim direct descent from an ancestor who was Lord Mayor of London in 1742.

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Editorial

MAY 10, 1947

THE YOUNGER MOTHERS

SYMBOLIC figure of Mother's Day, to be celebrated next week, is a nice old lady, silver-haired, with all the joys and sorrows of her long life written in her face.

And well she deserves this annual tribute of sentiment and practical thoughtfulness.

The young mother shares in this day, too.

For the older mother the turbulent years of family cares and hard work are usually over.

The young mother is in the midst of it all, and what concentrated cares and hard work she faces.

Modern life gives her many advantages—prenatal clinics, mothercraft training, psychologists' advice:

But it makes big demands on her as well. If conscientious, she studies all the scientists have to say about what is good for her family, and disciplines herself and her children accordingly.

The machine age prepares in tins much of the food her mother prepared at home, but the modern young mother has to fetch and carry it, standing in queues, struggling for a foothold in crowded transport.

Psychology helps her but also gives her tremendous responsibilities.

She knows that the development of her child's mind depends as much, perhaps more, on how she answers childish questions as on how teachers impart knowledge at school.

As well as the bodily and mental welfare of her child she has to cope with the clothing problem.

Because of the war, the machine age has let her down badly in this department.

Clothing and shoes are in short supply, very expensive and not yet back to prewar standards of quality, so, besides carrying out all her other duties, she must be something of a financial wizard as well.

She does all this so well that it should be orchids for her on Mother's Day.

A HOSPITAL in Chicago has banned expectant fathers because so many collapse under the strain of pacing the floor.

It seems to me...

BY

Dorothy Drain

MR. CALWELL stated in Parliament recently (in answer to a question) that Australian women who enlisted for overseas service with the U.S. and N.E.I. forces must return to Australia at the end of their appointments, he added:

"We are not making it convenient for people who went abroad to serve with foreign armies to obtain passports to go anywhere they choose."

In the name of goodness, why? There are, for instance, a number of girls in Japan working for the Americans.

Mr. Calwell says they were issued passports under certain conditions, and they must comply with those conditions by returning to Australia. (Exceptions were made of those who married while abroad).

Why couldn't the conditions be waived if any of the girls wanted them waived?

The purpose of a passport is to protect a country from receiving people it doesn't want to receive.

It should be a help rather than a hindrance to ordinary citizens who wish to travel.

What harm would it do anyone if some of those girls wanted to step off from Japan to visit the United States, or any other country?

Certainly the girls, being where they are, would have an advantage over girls working here back home. They'd probably find it easier and cheaper to get to the States than by starting from Australia.

Why deprive them of that advantage? What good does that do anyone else?

The explanation, given later in Canberra, that the Commonwealth is determined to clamp down on pleasure travel, read oddly, considering the recent departure of the Orion.

One of the disabilities of Australians generally is our insularity, forced on us by great distances from other peoples. We ought to encourage as many people as possible to get around and see the world.

* * *

IN happier vein about Mr. Calwell, let's place this on the record:

A few weeks back I remarked in this column that it was a pity that he, as Minister for Information and Immigration, hadn't included some women on the committees which form the Commonwealth Immigration Advisory Council.

Recently the secretary of the United Associations of Women rang to say that they had written to Mr. Calwell complaining of the same omission.

They found that he had asked Mrs. Jessie Street to join the council, but, as she was in America at the time of the council's formation, waited until her return to get her consent.

* * *

I READ four daily papers a day and listen to at least two news sessions on the air. The way the world is, I read and hear plenty that's depressing which makes me specially grateful for diverting items.

One such was the news that the American Chemical Society has discovered a glue strong enough to suspend 100,000 locomotives.

There's something so typically American in the conception. We, with our British background, would be more likely to say that the glue has a tensile strength of so many tons per square inch.

(In fact, an engineer I know says the statement is perfectly preposterous).

But THEY think up something unlikely to be glued together—like locomotives—and there they are, 100,000 of them, dangling on the skyline of our imaginations, so that the glue, whatever else it sticks, is assured of sticking in the mind of the reader forever.

MRS. DOROTHY DODS, a Victorian, has written commenting on a paragraph I wrote about the inadequacy of our mental hospitals (5/4/47).

"There is a crying need for reform, both in facilities for treatment of the mentally ill and the attitude of the general public towards the patients," she writes.

"Recently I visited a big mental asylum in Victoria.

"It is a large, antiquated establishment, and a most depressing place.

"The staff members are excellent in the work they do, but are pitifully few, and working under great difficulties.

"The clothing of the patients is drab. Some of them are wearing surplus Auxiliary Fire Service uniform, still complete with badges and chevrons, tending to make them figures of fun.

"Their evening meal, which I saw being served at 3.45 p.m.—the last meal of the day—consisted of inch-thick slabs of bread, some spread with butter, some with syrup (but not both), and a mug of either tea or cocoa.

"Even the poor old senile patients, white-haired, toothless old souls, who are there because their poor old brains have failed before their bodies, were given this food.

"It is said that patients are not sufficiently mentally alert to notice surroundings. That may be true in a few cases, but for many the trouble takes the form of an obsession, or of spasms of mental illness with normality between.

"I consider that a completely normal person would find himself becoming unbalanced mentally if confined in such surroundings.

"How little chance of recovery then have many of these patients?"

* * *

THIS week's prize for fancy ways of putting things goes to the Economic Review from the United States, issued by the U.S. Information Service.

"New York Times' survey of key cities shows widespread awareness among retailers of consumer resistance to prevailing high prices for merchandise."

* * *

EATING contests have always struck me as repulsive.

I can never find anything amusing or uplifting in the thought of competitors forcing down more food than they need or is good for them.

Lately there was a pie-eating contest in Sydney, and an oyster-eating competition is planned in New Zealand.

At present, with millions starving all over the world, such competitions are worse than disgusting. They're downright degrading.

* * *

HELIGOLAND, the former German fortress island, which was blown up by the Royal Navy a few weeks ago, will now be a bird sanctuary.

"Here you are safe, my little ones,"
The mother seabird said,
"For now there are gulls where once were guns;
"And, should you hear a tread,
"'Twill only be some bird-watcher come
"To study your quaint life span—
"Though I can't help thinking that's rather rum,
"For the queerest bird is man."

Interesting People

DR. EDGAR BOOTH
. . . wool seating

PEOPLES of Europe and the U.S. are wool-conscious and the world will always want wool is summing up in general terms of report made by Dr. Edgar Booth, Australian chairman of the International Wool Secretariat to Wool Board on visit here. Biggest shock to him is that seats in new public transport and many cars in Australia are still covered with leather. Abroad wool moquette is nearly always used, he says.

MISS IRENE CRESPIN
. . . good oil data

COMMONWEALTH Palaeontologist is official title of Miss Irene Crespin. Her job for past 10 years has been examination of samples of surface and bore sediment, the latter from depths ranging to 6000 feet, taken from all parts of Australia and New Guinea. Object is to determine if sediment was originally laid down in fresh water or is of marine origin. Micro fossils tell story to her trained eye. Results are used in data for oil search.

MR. GYLES SOILLIEUX
. . . UNO Palace

AUSTRALIAN architect working with panel of international consultants to U.S. Director of Design, building Palace of United Nations in New York, Gyles Soillieux, of Melbourne, is graduate of Melbourne University. His flight to U.S. was in contrast to first trip there in 1927 in yacht Utiekah III after six months' Pacific cruise. He studied theatre and hospital building in U.S., Britain, and Europe, and on return to Australia specialised in building cinemas. During war he was in R.A.A.F.

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She blends dignity with democratic manner

But Princess Elizabeth insists her private life shall be kept private

Princess Elizabeth has always been conscious of the fact that she is a person apart, and she is still conscious of her high station.

When she was five years old, in a moment of childish temper she offended her governess. Her parents agreed that the governess must not speak to her until she apologised.

The second of three articles by **IRVING WALLACE,** noted U.S. publicist, presenting an American's view of Britain's future Queen.

DEMOCRATIC PRINCESS. When she has the opportunity Princess Elizabeth behaves in democratic manner. Here she is enjoying a joke at Windsor Royal Horse Show.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH with the Queen receives members of the Indian community at Natal.

THE following day Elizabeth came to her lessons and said cheerfully, "Good morning!" The governess did not answer. Elizabeth frowned, repeated her greeting.

Still no response. At last she crossed the room, planted herself before the governess.

"Good morning!" she shrieked. "It's Royalty speaking!"

It was Queen Mary who knocked some of this out of the young girl. They had gone to a Royal Tournament together and were seated in the Royal box.

Elizabeth's eyes were not on the Army show, but on the thick crowds gathering to watch her leave with the Queen. Elizabeth finally turned to Queen Mary.

"Grannie," she exclaimed, "how pleased all the people will be to see me!"

This was too much. Queen Mary called the footman. "Take the Princess out the back exit, avoid the crowds, put her in a taxi, and take her home."

Thereafter Elizabeth behaved. To-day it is no longer necessary for her to insist, "It's Royalty speaking." She knows she is important, the centre of all eyes, and, besides, she is too intelligent and adult to intrude her rank upon others.

To-day, while formally addressing her father and mother as "Sir" and "Ma'am" in public and continuing to kiss the hand of her grandmother and curtsy to her at each meeting, Elizabeth leans over backward to be democratic toward other people.

Royal snub

HOWEVER, occasionally, when she feels it necessary, Elizabeth can still throw a snub with the impact of a footballer's block. One evening a few months ago, during a smart soiree at Windsor Castle, an aggressive visitor cornered her and asked, sarcastically, "How would you like to be a factory girl?"

Princess Elizabeth raked him up and down with a look, replied icily: "I don't know how I should like it, because I have never been one." With that she turned on her heel and walked off.

Elizabeth resembles her parents, especially the Queen, much more physically than mentally.

Though the Palace announces her height as 5ft. 7in., she is actually closer to 5ft. 4in.

She is a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl of creamy complexion. Her complexion is so good she uses little make-up—a touch of powder, a splash of lipstick; no more. She does not pluck her eyebrows, does not use nail polish.

Her teeth are almost perfect, and she has a phobia about caring for them. She visits her dentist, in town, once every month.

She is a Brunhilde for health, with great resistance and recuperative powers, and has suffered only a half-dozen colds and an attack of the mumps in her entire life.

The story is told of the time, toward the end of the war, when she was toiling as an auto-mechanic in the Auxiliary Territorial Service and appeared at work with her hair done up in trickily arranged blue scarf.

One of the other girls complimented her, in passing, on her improvised headgear. Princess Elizabeth was pleased, then asked anxiously, "But do you really like it?"

The other girl was puzzled. "Of course. Why do you ask?"

Elizabeth sighed. "Because," she explained, "back in the Palace, whatever I do, whatever I wear, however I'm dressed up, everyone always compliments me.

"There's just no way for me to know if I have any taste at all."

Because she is so uncertain of herself, Elizabeth, in her attire, leans heavily on the advice of her shy, red-headed Scots maid, Margaret MacDonald, selected for the job by the Queen.

"And that's just the trouble," one of Elizabeth's titled female acquaintances remarked. "Who could possibly look chic, my dear, being dressed by a provincial Scotswoman whose idea of the latest fashion is what they're wearing in Aberdeen.

"If Elizabeth had a clever French maid for just six months—just six months, my dear—why, you wouldn't recognise the poor girl."

During recent years, Elizabeth's clothes, preponderantly blue, have been made for her by an obscure, fussy, grey-haired Australian named Miss Ford and by London's top-notch designer and the Queen's own couturier, Norman Hartnell.

Recently at the suggestion of Elizabeth's aunt, the gorgeous, Greek-born Duchess of Kent, a new designer was added.

The new dressmaker, Marina's own, turned out to be the famed Captain Molyneux, of Paris. Now, at last, Princess Elizabeth has French dressing.

What individuality Princess Elizabeth does possess exists, for the most part, in her mentality, her likes and dislikes, her traits of character. In major characteristics, she is utterly unlike either of her parents.

Her father, 51-year-old King George VI, is a shy, sweet man with a slight stammer. When his elder brother, the Duke of Windsor, kicked over the Throne in 1936 for Wally Simpson, the present King did not wish to inherit it.

He preferred obscurity. In fact, even then, it is said, he suggested that his daughter Elizabeth take over under a regency.

While Princess Elizabeth inherits much from her father—his love of detail, his conscientiousness, his transparent boredom with talkative people, his enjoyment of the outdoors—she differs from him in her complete lack of shyness, in her assurance, confidence, enjoyment of crowds and ceremony.

Princess Elizabeth has much more from her mother.

Elizabeth has her mother's fine intelligence, quick smile, enjoyment of speaking, love of books and ballet. She differs from her mother in a fondness for exercise (which the Queen abhors), enjoyment of night-clubs and the gay life, lack of warmth and easy graciousness, constant changes of temperament.

If she resembles anyone in the family, Princess Elizabeth resembles the Royal Unmentionable, her Uncle David, known elsewhere as the Duke of Windsor.

She shares, with the Duke, an affection for the underdog. Where he used to go popping off into slums and coalmines, Elizabeth confines her social consciousness mostly to reading and expressions of opinion. Sometimes Elizabeth will display active interest in the depressed classes.

Returning with the Queen from an official tour, Elizabeth saw a cheap, new project of prefabricated houses in Southwark. Though the Queen was in a hurry, Elizabeth insisted they halt. The chauffeur and escort pulled up, and the Princess, along with her mother, went into one of the little houses.

Later the mistress of the house, Mrs. Emson, aged 23, told reporters: "I was so shy that my mother showed the Queen around. There was a lady in A.T.S. uniform with the Queen, and she said to me, 'What a nice fire; it makes the place cosy.' I was glad to talk to someone and I told her it kept the whole place warm.

"The lady said that she was pleased about that, as the house looked cold from the outside. Afterwards I realised that she was Princess Elizabeth."

Besides the flicker of social consciousness, Elizabeth possesses many other things in common with her uncle, the Duke of Windsor.

Like him, she enjoys the company of the opposite sex, lively music, dancing, late hours, smart places, horseback riding.

Thinks of the underdog

Like him, she dislikes candid-camera pictures, demands that her private life be private, and displays impatience at formality.

Princess Elizabeth has not seen her Uncle David since December 12, 1936, when, as a tot of ten, she watched him, the day after his farewell speech and abdication, accept the title of Duke of Windsor.

When, several months ago, he returned to London for a visit, Elizabeth was conveniently not at home. She wanted to see him, but the family refused.

"Elizabeth has been trained to understand responsibility," a Palace spokesman said, "and the necessity of sacrificing personal wishes for the good of the nation, so she sees in the Duke of Windsor's love story no high romance, but merely the quitting, by her uncle, of the exalted trust for which he had been trained for 40 years."

This kind of talk, however, is not entirely convincing. Undoubtedly, Uncle David's legend has exerted great influence on Elizabeth.

When she was four years old, speculation began on whom she might marry. At that time an English periodical drew up a list of eight likely candidates. Since that time, the Press has had her engaged to every unattached male she has met.

Once she was actually mooning about the blond, handsome Earl of Euston, but he was whisked off to India. Then came the crowning absurdity: an announcement that she would wed, any day, an English aristocrat with whom she was seen dancing — until it turned out he was the husband of her best girl-friend.

No one knows exactly when Elizabeth became serious about tall, athletic, 25-year-old Prince Philip. She has known him all her life. They are second cousins and attended frequent childhood parties at Brook House, the home of his uncle, Lord Louis Mo' 'batten.

Curiously, Philip's late father hated Greece and Grecian political intrigue, and his dearest wish was that his son be reared in England.

Philip has tried to erase Greece from his background. Since his first birthday he has been to the country only once, for a few weeks. Though sixth in line of succession to the Greek Throne, he renounced all rights to his inheritance three years ago. He is now a naturalised British citizen, Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten.

Elizabeth is barred, by Act of Parliament, from marrying a Roman Catholic or marrying without the King's consent.

But, despite her freedom of choice, there is one great intangible that Elizabeth, as Heiress-Presumptive (it is legally presumed that the King may have a son), must reckon with. Her choice must be popular. Not just in her own circle.

Those around Elizabeth would like to see the marriage. Both the Duchess of Kent and Lord Mountbatten have been plugging it. Elizabeth's younger friends think Philip is charming, and that she would be lucky to have him.

But the great uncertainty is the reaction of the Government and the people.

Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin has been against the match, for the time at least, because British troops are still in Greece, and the union might have political implications.

As one London paper put it: "What will be Russia's reaction to Elizabeth's engagement to a prince whose identification and origin will scarcely be disguised by formal British citizenship?"

The English people seem divided. Some feel that though Philip, as Prince Consort, would have no voice in ruling, he might still have husbandly influence and might involve England too deeply in new Balkan affairs.

The King and Queen are embarrassed by the daily sensational publicity.

Recently, when some of Philip's Navy friends begged him to invite Elizabeth as guest of honor to one of their brawls, Philip wrote her an invitation. The Queen saw it and put her foot down.

Elizabeth finally gave in and told Philip "No."

But in most similar conflicts she is a strong-minded girl, and, in the end, she does as she pleases.

(To be concluded next week).

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Wise people hold on !

Keep your head and hold on tight to

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES ABOUT TO MATURE!

If you own War Savings Certificates which are about to mature—don't cash them, keep them working for you!

Savings Certificates are now being issued in a new five-year series for face value, in denominations of £1, £5, £10 and £50. In five years' time they will be worth £1/3/-, £5/15/-, £11/10/- and £57/10/- respectively.

These generous interest rates will also be applied to War Savings Certificates maturing this year—if you don't cash them! Every pound's worth, for which you paid 16/- seven years ago, will increase in value each year, at better than bank rates of interest, to £1/3/- in five years' time.

HERE'S WHAT TO DO . . .

1. War Savings Certificates lodged with your bank for safekeeping:—

Just leave them there—the increase in value will automatically continue.

If you have instructed your bank to redeem the Certificates on maturity, cancel that instruction.

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Hold on to them and they will automatically increase in value—or, better still, lodge them with your bank or savings bank for a further five years. They will be kept in safe custody completely free of charge.

There is no better place for your savings than in Savings Certificates. So hold on to all you own, and buy as many more as possible of the new five-year series. They are cashable at any time, and the annual increases in value are free from taxation. Regardless of holdings of War Savings Certificates, everyone can own Savings Certificates of £250 face value.

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Australian author gives happy-ending to tragic war story

Tiny Hungarian countess finds new family and home

Radioed by BILL STRUTTON of our London Office

FAMILY GROUP. "Digger" Blore and his wife have given their new daughter, Maria (left), and their own daughter a puppy each.

A war-orphaned countess has become the adopted daughter of an Australian author-journalist in London Trevor ("Digger") Blore and his Hungarian wife.

She came to them literally out of the sky, in a Dakota which whirred to a stop in the blizzard sweeping Northolt aerodrome.

NAME of this chubby, flaxen-haired, six-year-old addition to the Australian Blore family is Countess Maria Theresa Blanckenstein, now changed by "Digger's" signature on her adoption papers to Maria Blanckenstein Blore.

"Already," said "Digger," his face creasing into a grin, "she can say 'Whacko!' We adopted her to have a companion and playmate for our own child, Teresa, who is now eight."

When she stepped out of the plane from Budapest, the Blores' aristocratic new daughter clung shyly with her two brothers around the stalwart legs of a Scottish major. A bachelor, he had fathered them on the three-day trip to England, bringing them food, washing them, dangling toys in front of their bewildered eyes.

Maria ventured a shy peep at her new mother and sister, and a few words in her native Hungarian from dainty, smiling Mrs. Trevor Blore worked a magical change. She came running towards them.

"Her father and mother were both killed 18 months ago by tommy-gun bullets on the doorstep of their home in Budapest," Mrs. Blore told me.

"Ever since I settled her in at our home in Uxbridge, Maria has been clinging to me with a sort of starved affection, and saying repeatedly, 'Mummy!'

"A woman solicitor in Wolverhampton, Mrs. Betty Bruning, has adopted her two brothers—Peter, aged two, and Paul, four—because her husband always wanted a son called Peter. They already have a daughter aged eight."

The five Blanckenstein children had been in the care of their aunt, Countess Pejacsevich, and, with 30,000 other children unclaimed after the siege of Budapest, were listed under the Hungarian "Save the Children Fund" as available for adoption.

Now all five names can be ruled out.

This week saw a temporary but delirious reunion when Maria's two other sisters, Ilona and Ludovica, arrived holding the hands of British General Edgecombe, who borrowed a Dakota from the American Mission to fly them to England.

They will go on to Holland to be adopted by a wealthy Dutchwoman, Mrs. Van Lanschot, who was a schoolgirl friend of their mother. They spent the night at the Blore home in Middlesex, while "Digger" phoned their new parents in Utrecht.

"When 'Digger' and I decided to adopt a Hungarian orphan we found that the Blanckenstein children were distantly related to my own family, which was one of the old ruling families of Servia," said Mrs. Blore.

"While her sisters played around the fire at home and tried on Tessa's ribbons, Maria talked about me as 'Mummy' and the other two said curiously, 'But she's only your mother in fun?'

"But Maria said very stoutly, 'Oh no. She's my serious mother!'

"There are often three typewriters going in our house, because 'Digger' is writing his fifth book and working on the script of a thriller film. I am corresponding for Irish and Hungarian papers and doing B.B.C. scripts, and young Tessa is writing children's stories.

"And now little Maria completes the literary family, showing wonderful imagination with the stories she makes up for our fireside evenings. She struggles hard to tell them in English, but still lapses into Hungarian at the crucial point, and I have to translate."

"Digger" Blore, a lieutenant-commander who organised the Royal Navy's reporting service during the war, was author of several wartime naval volumes, including "Terriers of the Fleet," "Turning Point, 1943," and "Commissioned Bargees," as well as overseas broadcasts of naval features.

With all their resistance agents in Hungary wiped out, Naval Intelligence was preparing him for a parachute drop into Hungary because of his contacts there, when the swift Russian advance cancelled these plans.

"There was no more relieved man in Europe," is his wry comment.

"Lately I have been devoting my whole time to writing blood-curdling thrillers and scripting them for films with a new company we are forming.

"When the film company is functioning properly and I have time for a breather, I hope to take my family out to Australia. I'd like to see my sister, now Mrs. Vivien Kay, of Highett, Victoria, again. It seems a long time since I was reporting for the Melbourne 'Herald.'

"I met my wife, whose name was Glai de Zsemley, on the Continent in 1937, and said to myself, 'That's the girl for me.'

"I said to her, 'We're having dinner to-night,' and she thought I was mad! I had to follow her right across Europe, proposing in practically every capital, before she began to believe I was serious. We were married in Budapest.

"Our marriage has been marvellous, and we're supremely happy to have a sister for Teresa who is near her own age, so they can grow up together. Already they get on wonderfully.

"Although we may never give Maria the riches her family once knew, we can make up for it in affection and care."

REUNION FOR THREE COUNTESSES. Little Countess Maria Theresa, now established in her new home with Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Blore at Uxbridge, Middlesex, chatters to two sisters, Countess Ludovica (Lili), 5, left, and Countess Ilona, 8, who will travel on to their Dutch foster-mother. Teresa Blore, Maria's new sister, is in the centre.

Philippines seeking our trade, culture

Mr. Fritz Zelezny, representative of Philippines Government purchasing agencies, and company executive, has arrived in Sydney to help establish reciprocal trade and cultural relations between the Philippines and Australia.

ALTHOUGH American supplies are arriving in the Philippines in great quantities, there is an eager and ready market for Australian goods, Mr. Zelezny said.

"On a reciprocal basis, the Philippines are in a position to supply Australia with many of the raw materials she urgently needs, particularly hemp and timber for building purposes," he said.

"Our company, which, under Government guarantee, began trading with Australia in December, has already expended about £100,000 on Australian products," he added.

A huge international air terminal will be provided in the Philippines when the airfield now being built at Makati is completed.

It is hoped that an air treaty similar to that now operating between the Philippines and U.S.A., China, Siam, and the N.E.I. will be arranged shortly with Australia.

Australia has a consul-general in Manila at present, and the Philippines Government has already appropriated £4000 for the establishment of a consulate in Australia shortly.

On the cultural side, the Philippines Government is eager to exchange Australian and Filipino artists for concert tours.

The Opera House at Manila has been rebuilt, and Mr. Zelezny has been authorised to offer an Australian pianist £1000, with free transportation, for four concerts.

"Later we shall invite Australian singers," said Mr. Zelezny.

Plans to arrange a goodwill tour of Australia for 25 Filipino newspaper men and Government officials are also being made.

An Austrian artist-journalist, Mr Zelezny arrived in the Philippines in 1938 as design instructor at the University.

Under his supervision, pupils made outstanding material designs, based on the primitive patterns of the islands.

A process of embroidery spraying known as "flocking," was developed by him. Part of the material is covered with special glue, and the fibres are then sprayed under pressure, giving the effect of a stencil.

Mr. Zelezny has brought with him to Australia some exquisitely fine pieces of material made of pineapple fibre. Incredibly frail and transparent when held up to the light the material is tough and stands up well to washing.

Making of the material is a native craft, and only native patterns are used.

The leaves of the pineapple plant are beaten and treated, and then woven into material. On one sample square were the famous fighting cocks of the Philippines.

Another had a scene from a native village. A Filipino was knocking down coconuts while his wife, in the typical costume, was carrying a basket on her head towards the native "Nipa" house on stilts. Nothing was forgotten, blue of sky, pattern of the dress, and the stilts of the house.

MR. ZELEZNY shows some of the hand-embroidered pineapple-fibre table-mats he has brought to Australia.

During the Japanese occupation of the Philippines, Mr. Zelezny, as a member of P.Q.O.G. (President Quezon's Own Guerrillas, commanded by Gen. V. S. Umali), brought out the island's only wartime newspaper.

Published every fortnight, the paper contained a list of collaborators. After liberation these lists convicted many suspects at war crimes trials.

The guerrillas had their own transmitting station, supplied by Amalgamated Wireless of Australia and sent up by submarine, and were in constant touch with G.H.Q.

From Manila the newspapers were distributed to the provinces until one day the messengers were caught and killed.

Mr. Zelezny escaped to the mountains with his mother, Mrs. Sabina Zelezny.

Pursued by the Japanese, they got through the Japanese lines, walking along jungle trails. Met by some Americans, they were given enough food to get through to the American base.

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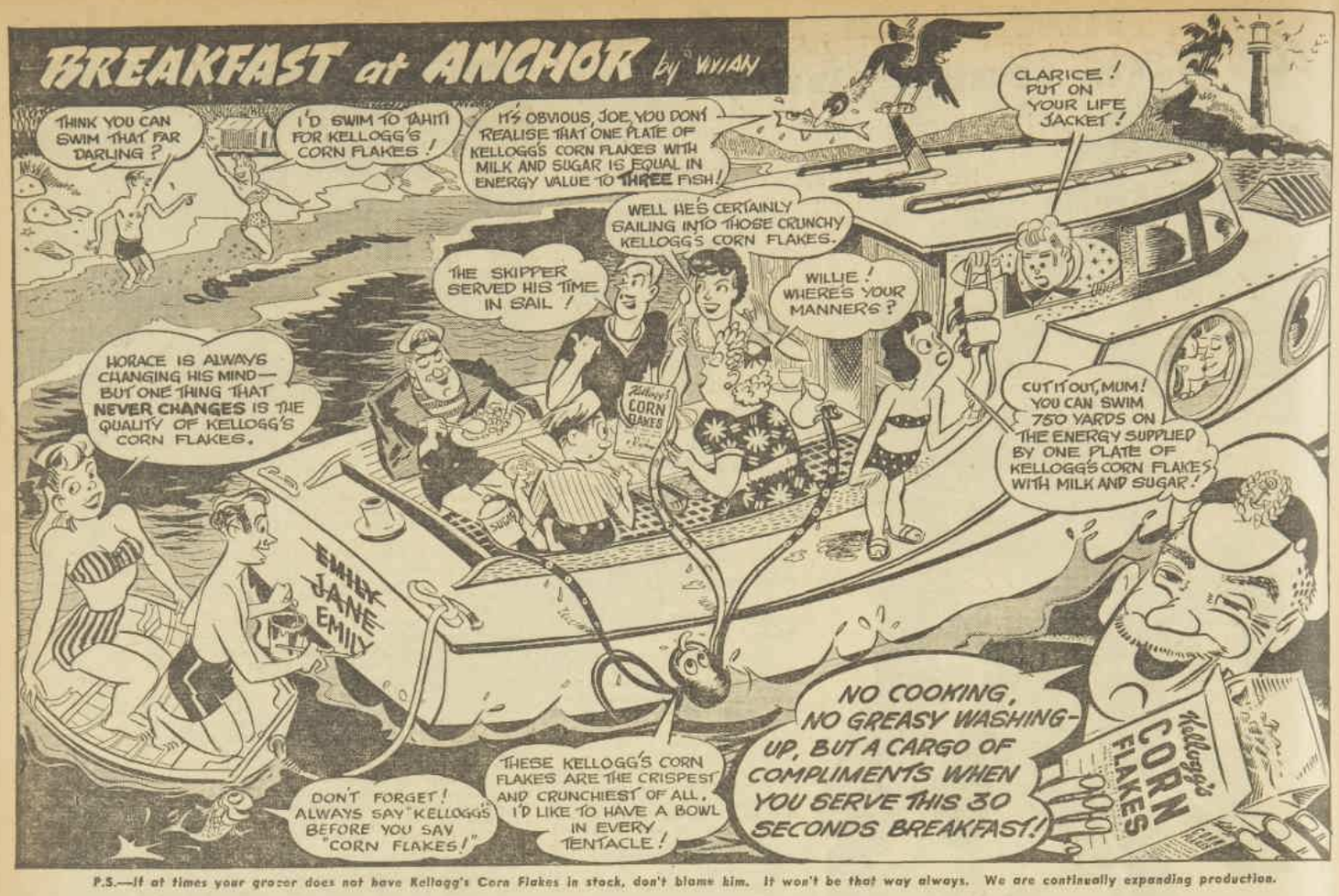
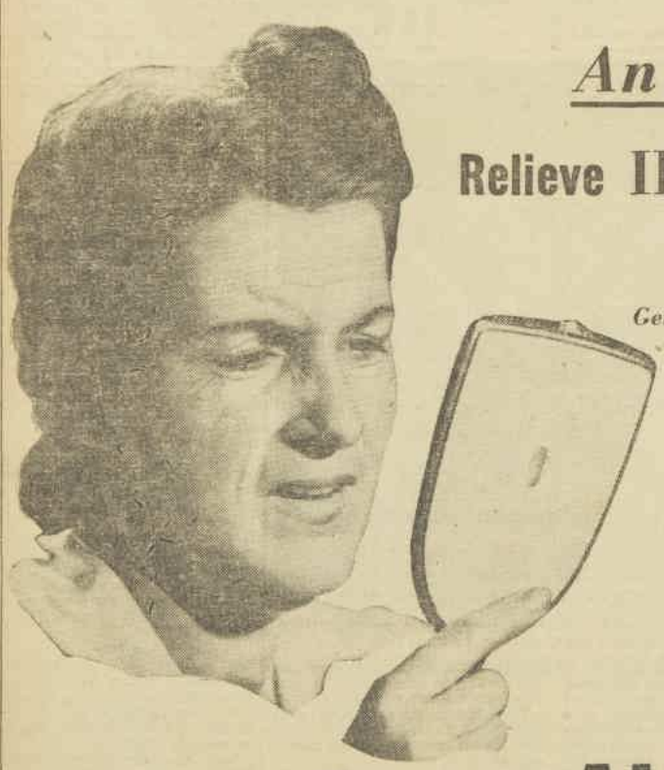


P.S.—If at times your grocer does not have Kellogg's Corn Flakes in stock, don't blame him. It won't be that way always. We are continually expanding production.



An old woman at 40!

Relieve IRREGULARITY without harsh laxatives

Gentle acting Kellogg's All-Bran brings quick, safe relief.

The harm done by constant dosing with harsh purges and laxatives goes deeper than the skin. Every time you pour these harsh remedies down your throat you "force" delicate internal muscles into unnatural action. And delicate muscles were never meant to be forced.

Just that small dose day after day can leave you feeling years older than you are . . . *and looking older too.*

This nut-sweet breakfast cereal relieves *naturally*.

The safe, gentle and natural way to relieve constipation is with Kellogg's All-Bran.

Kellogg's All-Bran puts essential "bulk" back into your system. It aids elimination because it forms a soft absorbent mass that gently massages the internal muscles and brings on peristaltic action.

Serve daily — just eat two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran at breakfast each morning. Serve it just like any other breakfast food with milk and sugar.

Lift your mask of IRREGULARITY

Not a purgative — a gentle acting regulative food!

Ask for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN*

★ Registered Trade Mark

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

TUESDAY, May 13, is an influential day this week, bringing good fortune to Geminians and Librans, but necessitating caution on the part of other groups.

Taurians, Aquarians, Leonians, and Scorpions in particular should watch out for trouble, and live carefully for the next few weeks. Virgoans, Capricornians, and Pisceans may find the present period favorable on the whole.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): May 7 and 8 (except 2 p.m.) can prove helpful for modest ventures, but 10, 11, and 13 (early) may produce upsets, so exercise caution.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Discretion helps now in the achieving of good fortune. May 6 poor; 7 and 8 (except 2 p.m.) fair; 10 (except 8 p.m. to 11 p.m.) and 11 favorable.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Live quietly for early part of week, as tricky days are likely. Modest gains possible on May 13 (2 to 4 p.m., or after 10 p.m.).

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Hard work on May 6 (to 9 p.m.) pays good dividends, and May 7 fair. But May 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13 all rather poor.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Routine affairs advised this week, for rashness

"Darling, couldn't you crack the ice BEFORE you put it in the bag!"

brings regrets. Worst days May 8, 11, 12, and 13. Be live quietly.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Plan new ventures and changes now. May 6 (to 10 p.m.), 9, 10 (except 8 a.m. to 11 a.m.), and 11 all helpful.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): An unspectacular week. May 7 and 8 (except 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.) fair, but 9, 10, and 11 poor.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 22): Beware rashness and upsets this week, as these may bring regrets. May 6 unreliable, 12 very difficult, 13 (to 10 p.m.) quite adverse. Routine advised.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 22): Get urgent matters settled now, or put them off for several weeks. Meanwhile May 6, 7, 8 (except 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.), and 13 (after 10 p.m.) quite fair.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Good fortune possible now, but wisdom needed. May 6 (to 11 p.m.) fair; 9, 10 (to 8 p.m.), 11, and 12 (after 8 p.m.) all very good.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Live quietly, as trouble is easy to find this week. May 7 and 8 (near 2 p.m.) very poor; worst days 12 and 13.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Seek modest gains this week. May 6, 11 (to 11 a.m.), and 12 (2 p.m. to 5 p.m.) all very fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: 12 to 24 (12 to 16 expire May 25).

SUGAR: 87 to 812 (cumulative).

BUTTER: 16-18 (expire May 25).

MEAT: Black, 36-39 (till May 11, when 36 to 40 become available); green, 41 and 42 (till May 11, when 41 to 47 become available).

CLOTHING: 257-312 (expire June 30, 1947), 1-56 current.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are trying to rescue beautiful
MARSHA DALE: Who has been captured by
GRATZ: Evil proprietor of Glass Inn, on top of Glass Mountain. Marsha has slid down a huge pipe which leads under a glacier, and Mandrake decides to save her. Lothar lowers him into the pipe on a rope, and at the bottom Mandrake rescues Marsha from burial in the snow. They are hauled half-way up by Lothar, but a bear, set free by Gratz, attacks Lothar. Just in time Lothar fastens the rope. Mandrake ties Marsha firmly, and goes up the pipe to see what has happened. NOW READ ON:

"MANDRAKE, THE MAGICIAN," a 28-page book containing two full-length Mandrake picture stories, is now available at all newsagents. Price 6d.

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"A Godsend to us"...

bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again

If you are suffering, this letter will interest you.

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what **a godsend they have been to us.** My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and **was in bed for nearly a year.** I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and I am thankful to say she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Ruby L."

MENTHOIDS WILL HELP YOU, TOO!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this Australian family. For theirs is the story of thousands of people in Australia to-day.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis and their kindred ailments are so common that they cost Australians approximately £20 millions a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your blood stream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

MENTHOIDS—the great blood medicine

Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thionine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

See how quickly Menthoids will rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

More letters praising MENTHOIDS *come from all corners of the Empire*

Company Director writes:
"Before taking Menthoids, I had been going steadily downhill for 12 months. Life was becoming intolerable. Maddening pain kept me awake every night. I could not lift my arm above shoulder level and was utterly listless and depressed. A friend recommended Menthoids and, within a week, I rapidly began to gain my old-time vigour and activity. To-day I feel ten years younger."—R.A.M., Managing Director.

Farmer's wife says:
"I have been taking your Menthoids for 6 months for Neuritis. My back and legs were so painful I could hardly get any rest, but, since taking Menthoids, at the end of the first bottle, I was cured from all pain . . . I have recommended your Menthoids to three different people who have thanked me immenzely for the good they have done them . . ."—Mrs. L.

Secret of MENTHOIDS TREATMENT

Menthoids are not simply a pain reliever. Menthoids treat the **cause** of your bodily aches and pains. Nearly all medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are destroyed. But the wonderful ability of Menthoids to remain unaffected in the digestive system enables Menthoids to continue their medicinal and internal cleansing action through your kidneys and blood stream.

Start a course of Menthoids to-day

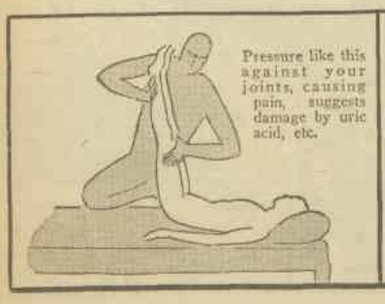
If you suffer from simple High Blood Pressure, constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store.

If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address, and send to

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney

and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail.

Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from **us.**



Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.

Pressure on back indicates area affected by germs and poisons, causing backache.

Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.

Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints.

In such cases as these Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.

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Echo of an Old Refrain

Continued from page 3

THE head waiter was doubtful and regretful, and Margot, in a sudden mood of atonement for what she had done to Dorrie, wanted, oddly, to do something nice for Louise Bender, although she had never liked her, and she knew that Louise hated her.

Gus hated to be seen with a dowdy-looking woman—he'd probably be furious to find Louise Bender headed for his table. Still, it was fun to be with a woman like Louise. Catty, nasty fun, Margot admitted in that instant of hesitation before she spoke to the other woman. A woman could look twice as beautiful beside one who wasn't beautiful at all—

"Louise," she purred, putting a gloved hand on the other woman's arm. "Louise, darling! Just imagine finding you here. I didn't know you ever came to places like the Thirty-Forty Club."

Louise's smile was stiff and unfriendly, and her voice was cool when she said that she didn't ordinarily, but this was an occasion, this was their wedding anniversary. "And, of course," she said, "I've heard so much from Gus about the Thirty-Forty Club——"

"Of course," Margot said, accepting the dig. "And now you're here, you and Tom must be our guests. This is our anniversary, too, you know."

"Yes," Louise said, suddenly, strangely quiet about it. "Yes, I know it is——"

I wish I hadn't asked you, Margot thought furiously. I wish I'd let you be put out, if you're still carrying the torch for your old friend, Dorrie. If she was hurt, it wasn't because of me—it was because he didn't love her any more . . .

"Gus will be awfully glad to see you——"

"Will he?" Louise said. "We'd better leave word for Tom——"

Frank, the head waiter, remembered Margot, of course, and he restored some of her good humor by telling her how well she looked.

"Lovely as ever," he whispered in a small aside. "Putting on a little weight, aren't you? It becomes you."

"Oh, a pound or two. I needed a little——"

She had put on five, in all. She wondered whether it showed. Breakfast in bed, afternoons shopping, no hours of rehearsal. Yes, married life certainly agreed with her, but she'd better watch herself. Before she knew it, she'd be looking like Louise.

Gus was there ahead of her, as he always was—he said he liked to be sitting somewhere just to watch her walk towards him. "I like to think, 'Who's that beautiful blonde?'" he once had told her. "And then to pinch myself and remember you belong to me."

Now he sat watching her as she walked towards him, his whole expression telling the roomful of smoking, drinking, eating people that this was his, demanding them to take a look because it was worth turning to see. And almost as though in response to his unspoken command, the heads turned and the eyes stared and it seemed to Margot she could almost hear the women murmuring:

"Yes, beautiful, but a little theatrical, don't you think?"—and the men not daring to say what they thought because of the inevitable: "If you'd buy me clothes like that—"

Now Gus was saying: "New dress, isn't it, baby? I like the color but I don't go for that new hipline. Makes you look a little heavy, don't you think?"

Margot frowned in annoyance, then wiped the frown away swiftly, remembering that frowns left lines and lines became wrinkles.

"Heavy!" she said. "Why, darling, you don't want me to be emaciated, do you?"

"It's just the dress," Gus decided. "I don't think I like it. Maybe you ought to go somewhere else for your clothes, baby. When you pay so much, you ought to get the best."

"Yes," Louise Bender said, coming up alongside Margot, "you certainly should, Gus. The very best." And her eyes met Gus' and she smiled in a way that Margot didn't like—an old friend, we-understand-each-other smile that left everyone else out.

I don't like this woman, Margot thought; I wish I hadn't asked her to join us. She's going to keep reminding us of Dorrie.

And yet it wasn't of Dorrie that Louise spoke. All the evening, in fact—even after Tom arrived—she kept talking of Margot, and she kept Gus talking of Margot as though the subject fascinated her. Margot knew she ought to feel pleased and flattered by such attention; it was absurd to feel uncomfortable, as though everything that was said held a meaning she couldn't grasp.

"Poor Margot," Louise said sympathetically, attacking her asparagus, "aren't you starved? Just one tiny omelet for dinner with all this gorgeous food around. Won't Gus let you eat anything? Gus," she turned to smile a gentle rebuke at him, "this child will starve to death——"

"Nonsense," Gus said, "it's always healthier to be underweight than overweight. Got to take off some of this middle myself one of these days. Worse on a woman, though. Makes her look old."

"Tom doesn't think I look old, do you, darling?"

Tom Bender looked at his wife absently. He was a thin, nice-looking, gentle-mannered man, so obviously in love with his wife that, as Margot had often said, it would bore her to death.

"What?" he repeated. "Old? Of course you don't look old. You're no glamor girl like Margot here, but, then, what would an old fogey like me be doing with a girl like Margot anyway, eh?"

"Well," Louise sighed, "it would be nice to be ten pounds slimmer—"

"But as you have a husband like Tom, who just takes you for granted," Margot said, smiling sweetly, "what difference does it make?"

"None," Louise said good-naturedly. "I just eat away, and the hips spread and nobody cares. Tom doesn't even know what I have on half the time. I wore a new dress to-night, and do you know what he said? 'I always did like you in that dress, Louise.' Now I ask you," she shrugged helplessly, "what's a wife to do?"

"I think it's awful," Margot said irritably, all at once hating the yellow, soggy omelet. "I think it's awful for a husband just to take a wife for granted."

"Do you, darling?" Louise said pleasantly. "Well, that's because you're young. Just wait until you grow older."

"She's got a good long time to wait for that," Gus said amiably, "haven't you, baby? Twenty-two is no age to think of growing old."

"Twenty-two?" Louise repeated in small, polite surprise. "Is that all you are, Margot?"

"Why?" Margot heard her own voice rasping the word, flinging it out viciously. Why was this woman unnerving her? "Do I look older?"

Louise looked pained and surprised at the venom in Margot's tone, and even Gus was beginning to seem irritated and annoyed. Louise was definitely master of a bad situation.

"Why, no darling," Louise said. "Of course you don't look older. I just—wondered. Goodness, Gus, Margot is practically young enough to be my daughter. I'm forty."

The fool, Margot thought with that same senseless feeling of irritation; she could pass for thirty-five. Why admit to forty? She heard Tom say they were planning to go on to the theatre, and Margot wished now that they'd hurry up and go. But they seemed determined to linger.

"It must make you feel funny to sit out here and see all your old friends trooping out," Louise said presently. "I hear there's a new girl, too. You told me, didn't you, Tom? Or was it Gus who told you? Anyway, someone told me she's absolutely beautiful. She's terribly young—eighteen or nineteen, I think, and she's blond, like you, Margot."

All at once she drew back, frowning. She looked puzzled and disbelieving and she said in that endless, endless voice that Margot had come to hate, "Why, Margot—what in the world have you done to your hair?"

The orchestra was blaring and waiters were making a great deal of noise hurrying to clear tables before the floor show came on. The spotlight was white and blazing and pitiless, and Margot thought wildly: Why are they staring at me like that? Why is Tom Bender looking helpless and sorry? Why is he trying to break in, putting a hand firmly on Louise's arm to turn her while Gus keeps staring at the top of my head?

Her hand flew up as though she could feel whatever it was their eyes were searching out. The chorus was coming on now, the chorus of beautiful blondes, chanting their tuneless number while their white legs flashed, and their silver slippers tapped across the polished floor to pass in parade within an inch of Gus' special table.

"What?" she said. "What's wrong? What have I done with it?"

"Nothing's wrong with it," Tom Bender said. "It's as beautiful as always, Margot." She had never heard his voice sound so kind, and that frightened her, too, because she knew Tom Bender had been violently opposed to her marriage to Gus.

"Why, nothing's wrong with it, baby," Gus said slowly. "It's just this light. For a minute there it made your hair look almost white—just that one spot where the light hit it. Your hair's such a light shade of blond, baby, and that light on it—Louise was sort of startled. It did look funny."

"Funny?" she repeated stupidly, her eyes travelling from face to face. "Why, you're crazy. There's nothing funny about it—unless Emilie did something to it. I'll go inside and see," she said.

Flossie would be there, in the powder-room. Flossie would tell her the truth.

She flew into the hot, smoke-filled little room and called out to her.

"It isn't grey, is it, Flossie?" she said wildly. "People don't go grey at twenty-two, do they?"

FLOSSIE stared knowingly.

"Oh, all right. At twenty-eight. People don't go grey at twenty-eight. They can't go grey at that age," Margot added impatiently.

Poor Dorrie. Poor old Dorrie, came the echo in her mind.

"They gave you a bad rinse," Flossie was saying, and her voice sounded exactly as Tom Bender's had sounded. "With that platinum hair of yours and a lot of rinse to highlight it. It's bound to look—well, sort of silvery in that spotlight."

"Yes," Margot said. "That's it, of course. Why didn't I think of it? I told Emilie to put a strong rinse on. I wanted to look beautiful to-night——"

And then she stopped, because Louise was standing there in the doorway. Only it wasn't Louise, really. It was Dorrie Hatrack's best friend.

"His first wife," Louise said quietly, "was snow white before she was thirty. He hated it. He doesn't want a wife who'll grow old with him; he wants a wife who'll stay young for him. Who'll do his starving for him and his suffering, leaving him free."

"Stop it," Margot said. "Stop it." She could feel the carefully enamelled mask of her face splintering, falling apart, as this woman talked. The tiny lines, the almost imperceptible sag of the smooth young chin, the weariness that came from being up half the night, all seemed to be coming to life one by one as the mask splintered and broke apart and Louise went on with what she had come here to say.

"You gave it," she said, "so you ought to be able to take it. And maybe if you know what you're in for you can do something about it. Except that the more you worry, the worse it will get. That year you came in was the year Dorrie suddenly grew old."

"Why don't you let her alone?" Flossie said. "Get out of here and let her alone."

But it wasn't any use. All the echoes were wakened now, and they wouldn't stop. "You can't fool old Gus for a minute, baby," and "Don't you worry your pretty head about Dorrie, I'll take care of her," and "Poor old Dorrie"——

"Listen, Margot," Flossie said kindly, "you're more beautiful than that little blond hussy ever thought of being——"

What little blond hussy? Margot left the powder-room, her head ringing with unanswered questions: Why did Gus' head turn so reluctantly from the floor show now, to watch her approach his table? Why was Tom Bender suddenly getting up to leave, right in the midst of things, as though he had had all he wanted? Why did Gus look at her in a hard, examining way? She was young, young! It was the light. And the rinse.

She told him so, adding: "Grey. At twenty-two. I mean, really, darling!"

But she knew that Louise, standing there to say good-bye, wasn't fooled. Louise knew the haunted look was there, now, and would stay, hastening the inevitable end. Knew Margot would be afraid of that hard, examining look in the eyes of the man who refused to relax and take his wife for granted out of love for her. Knew, as Margot herself now knew, that she would always dread bright sunlight, never knowing, never feeling secure.

"Well," Gus was suggesting casually, "before you people go, what do you say we go backstage and let Margot say hello to all her old friends?"

Once Margot would have adored that; once she would have loved to sweep in, feeling superior to all the others, but now, suddenly, the suggestion held no appeal.

"Let's go somewhere else," she said. "I think I'm a little fed up with the Thirty-Forty Club."

"Are you?" Louise said smilingly, gathering up her purse. "That's strange, when everything began here for you and Gus. That's why it's still such a favorite of Gus'—isn't it, Gus? And really, Margot, darling, you ought to come here more often when Gus enjoys it so."

Margot said nothing, marching back up the aisle behind the plump, lucky little woman whose husband took her for granted.

(Copyright)

What's on your mind?

Baker tells how to make good bread

I HAVE been employed in the baking industry for over 30 years, the last 17 years as foreman baker, so I should be in a position to express an opinion re many of the queries you asked on behalf of the housewives (19/4/'47).

During my experiences in the trade, many changes have taken place. Cold bread deliveries were the rule in 1918-1920. Bread was good because most bakeries were small, and made hand-finished bread.

After the first World War, the age of machines arrived.

The average baker can make good bread out of practically any flour by hand, if he has time. In most country towns the bread is good and will keep for the best part of the week. That is because the country baker has time and ingredients to build up the loaf, and gets a good price for it.

In the city, the bakers' biggest problem is time, and the public wants the bread hot.

Speed is essential in all bakeries, and fermentation is accelerated to feed the machines. Also, the flour must be strong to stand up to the workings of machinery.

I do not suggest reverting to the old methods, but if we work on the advice of Dr. Kent Jones we will be able to give the public a good, wholesome, and palatable loaf.

£1 to Leo Casos, 50 O'Connell St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Fowl food

I LIVE on a dairy farm in the country, and have about 30 fowls of my own. I have to pay all the expenses myself, and keep the profit that is left, if any.

On opening an expensive bag of wheat the other day I found that about 5 per cent. of the contents was sand. I had just shelled out a few of my precious shillings for what? Sand!

I don't know whose fault it was, but it seems to me that we have to be on the look-out nowadays.

5/- to Master Pat Mills, 86 Roadside Mail, Wollonghar, N.S.W.

Bus hostess

ON all aeroplanes there are air-hostesses to care for the passengers. Why not have a bus-hostess? She could look after children on the driver-only bus which takes them to school. Little children sometimes have to travel miles, and depend on

the bus to deliver them safely to school.

The driver cannot be expected to keep an eye on the children, and consequently the older ones play-up and torment the smaller ones. I have two young boys under the age of eight, and would feel happier if there was some responsible person in charge of them.

5/- to Mrs. Bill Hennig, Ucotta, via Peterborough, S.A.

Love songs

LISTENING to a children's session over the air, I was struck by the way our children are forgotten by the song-writers. In the session I heard, every child sang very modern love songs such as: "That Lovely Week-End," and "You Won't Be Satisfied Until You Break My Heart."

It sounded so ridiculous, and so very pathetic. Children love to sing, but there seem to be few children's songs. What they really want are some modern children's songs set to catchy tunes, made popular by broadcasting. Then the children's sessions would be really worth hearing.

5/- to Mrs. Bessie Bell, O'Brien St., Grenfell, N.S.W.

Housewife's pinpricks

JUDITH EVANS (19/4/'47) is quite happy to be married, and wonders why married women complain. I, too, am perfectly happy in my married life, having just celebrated my silver wedding anniversary.

My family, however, consists of seven very healthy adults, with good, big appetites, and there is plenty of washing and mending to be done.

With no meat deliveries, I have to shop every day, walking nearly a mile to the shops, no matter what the weather. So a walk like that ceases to be pleasant exercise when it has to be done.

Has Mrs. Evans ever had to buy a pair of college shoes—just naming one way of using up one's time? It means about three trips to the shopping centre, going from shop to shop until finally you buy a pair of very inferior shoes at a very high price. You do this because you are sick of walking.

I wonder if Mrs. Evans (when she has a larger family) will still be playing tennis in 20 years' time.

But, maybe, like me, she will have other interests.

5/- to Mrs. Dorothy Palmer, 97 Yarrbalt Ave., Balwyn, Vic.

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Smart clothes and Chocolate must have quality and SNAP

—says lovely

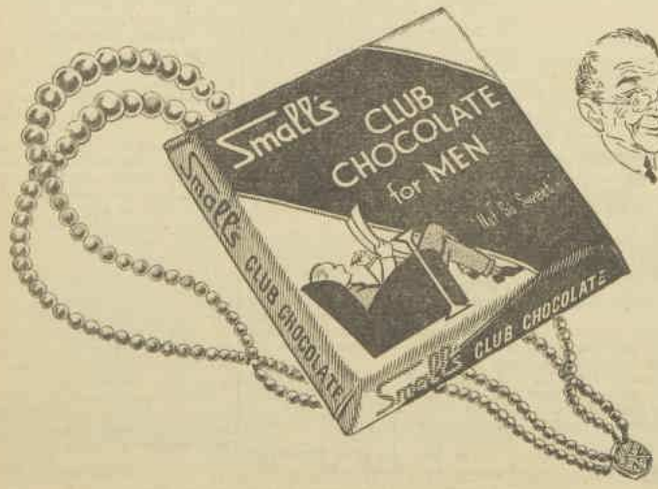
TARA BARRY

J. C. Williamson star of "Gay Rosalinda"

We show Miss Barry wearing her first choice in cocktail hats — a lovely toque massed with "precious pink" roses and swathed in stiffened black veiling. This glamorous stage star says:—

"I had to come to Australia to find the best chocolate I have ever tasted. You tell me Small's Club Chocolate is made especially for men — not so sweet. Nevertheless I like it. I find it so enjoyable and refreshing during long days at rehearsal or between acts. Yes, I agree that smart clothes and chocolate must have plenty of snap".

Everybody's 'snapping' it now!



Everybody from Grandpa to young Willie is snapping their Small's Club Chocolate. This is the quality chocolate which we made especially for men — not so sweet. And remember this — the better the quality of the chocolate the louder the "SNAP". And Small's Club Chocolate breaks with a good loud "SNAP" everytime.

Small's make great Chocolate

"THE BETTER THE CHOCOLATE THE LOUDER THE SNAP"

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Challenge to Romance

Continued from page 4

HUGO'S lands, planted with tobacco and cotton, were closer to the river, lower than the plantation of Guy Breslay. "The water's still coming up," he said in an exhausted tone.

"I know." Guy nodded gravely. "Will you join me?" he added. "Will you eat?"

The other shook his head. "I'm riding out now. My negroes are throwing up a new bank against the water. I want to be there."

He went away, and Guy finished luncheon and called for a bulletin and read the notices of ships and loadings and administrative decrees. But his mind was not on his reading. After a while he left the restaurant and went into the plaza and sat on a bench. He thought of Geraldine Cartier in a mood of uneasiness.

It was, he said inwardly, possible to understand her anger at the letter of old Ninon. She was a girl, with a girl's pride; and sensitive. And spirited. She laid too much stress on the matter, of course. But it was unreasonable of her to transfer blame for the letter to his head. He had not written the letter.

He felt a thrust of something more than annoyance. The girl's plain dislike for him was unfair. He must see her again and talk with her.

He went by narrow streets to the Theatre Royal. He found Geraldine Cartier there, in a wing of the foyer, talking with Roget, the musical director. He stood by until Roget moved along.

"I'd like you to have dinner with me to-night," he said. "At my house. Seven miles in the country on the northern road. My Aunt Tina, because she has for years been among Ninon's dearest friends, wants very much to meet you——"

For a moment the girl did not answer. Then she looked up at him slowly. "Ninon gave me a message of greeting for your aunt."

"Good. Then you must deliver it. You'll be at the Hotel de la Reine? I'll send a carriage at seven."

The thought of her filled his mind as he rode homeward out of the city under the tempered afternoon sun. But then he did not consider love; the word did not occur to him. He only knew that something that had not happened to him before had happened now. He was excited, exalted even; yet he could not phrase the reason.

And he was not happy. And it was also in his mind what Ninon had written: "I do not close my eyes to her faults . . . Perhaps I should warn you . . ." Warn him of what? What had Ninon foreseen?

She came at eight o'clock in the high-wheeled carriage. The night was luminous with the suggestion of moonlight behind cloud. Aunt Tina took the girl's hand and spoke to her of Madame Ninon and of Paris. They sat on the wide arcaded gallery and drank Madeira. Later they dined.

In the clear candlelight Guy watched the girl. Her low, white dress emphasised the delicacy of her shoulders, the sweet oval of her face. She spoke little. Aunt Tina babbled amusingly—of long past seasons of the opera in New Orleans, of the colony in earlier times.

Guy was vividly conscious of the unfamiliar tumult within himself, and he emerged in time with one clear, vaguely alarming truth. He had fallen in love with Geraldine Cartier. With unaccustomed violence of thought, he cursed the letter from Paris. The girl sat coldly—nursing, he supposed, her absurd hostility.

Yes; he could see it. Self-willed, Ninon had written. His mind grasped angrily upon the word.

After dinner the moonlight came through the cloud and laid a white path across the gallery. "Aunt Tina," he said, "shall we walk in the garden——"

"Go with Mademoiselle Geraldine," she said. "Show her your grove of oranges. I'm an old woman, and weary."

They went down the path to the garden, where orange trees clustered. The girl breathed deeply of the perfume of the trees.

"It's lovely here," she murmured.

Guy turned to her. "Please listen to me. I'm a colonial; I never learned the polished phrases. I have no choice but to be direct. I have fallen in love with you——"

She made as if to speak.

"It happened this morning," he went on quickly. "It happened to me this morning. On the wharf or in the cafe, I don't know. But the realisation to-night was like a flash of light. I put faith in a thing like that—I believe it happens only once."

He paused and stared for a space at the radiant water of the pool.

"Why should I believe you?" she said, and clenched her small fist.

He was astonished by the bitterness of her voice, and he read into it all her resentment of him and of the letter. He struggled for a phrase that would make her believe. But he did not find it.

Then Geraldine Cartier said stiffly, "It's late. I must return to the city."

"If that's the way you want it to be," he said, and the words were flat and heavy.

She refused even to allow him to ride beside her carriage back to town. He had taken leave of Aunt Tina and was going slowly out from the house when he heard the pounding footfalls of a galloping horse far down the drive. He swung about.

When the rider galloped up, Guy recognised him—a negro youth, one of Hugo's boys.

"What is it?" Guy shouted. The boy's words, when they came, were pierced by fright.

"River's smashing M'sieu Hugo's dikes. He wants you to come with me——"

"Call up my men," Guy directed. "You know their quarters. But, tell me—what about the road?"

"There's water on the road," the boy cried. "Not deep now, but it will be deep——"

To saddle his horse took intolerable minutes, and when Guy came to the road there was water swirling on it. The horse winced and reared, but Guy's hand was iron. They went along between walls of high dark trees, and the water curled about them, strangely without sound, black and treacherous.

But as he rode, there burned into Guy's mind a picture of the fragile carriage; aloud he cursed himself that he had not ridden with her, in spite of her wish to the contrary. He cursed, too, the coachman who had not turned back when the first water had reached him. But perhaps the coachman had turned back?

His horse kept lunging madly, stumbling, but they kept to the road, and after a long while—he did not then or ever know how long—Guy saw the carriage. It was motionless in the road, the horses gone from the traces.

The river slapped above the footboards. The coachman was in the road, tugging at the door, with the water at his hips and the pressure of it difficult to stand against.

Guy shouldered against him. Together they wrenched open the door.

"See to yourself now" Guy shouted to the coachman. Then he was in the swaying carriage.

"Come," he said. He caught Geraldine Cartier's shoulders with his hands, strongly. He dropped into the water. She clung to him and he lifted her.

There was enough moonlight for him to see the dark bulk of a ridge to the east, the one point high enough to escape the flood. They would be safe there, but between the road and the ridge lay a wide depression where the water would be deeper, swifter . . .

He was pushing now across the current, the flow. He realised the pitiful insecurity of his footing. Terror for the girl leaped up in him, and to himself he said: I must not fall.

Then by conscious effort he emptied his mind of fear and concentrated on his balance and the burden in his arms. She did not speak to him. She did not cry out when, buffeted by a sudden increased chaotic force too immense to hold against, he went down.

But his hand closed in the water on the girl's hand and his grip was a vice.

Aunt Tina held the brandy decanter, and when the servant brought the little glasses she filled them and gave one to Geraldine and one to Guy.

"You're warmer now?" she asked. Her old face was wrinkled with a poignant anxiety. "Is there anything——"

"We're all right," Guy said. "Don't distress yourself. It's all over."

He turned his head and looked at the girl. She was deep in a chair, in dry clothing, with a thick blue blanket tight about her shoulders. Her face was pale and there was a tremulous unquiet in the line of her mouth, unquiet in her eyes. She said, "You might so easily have been drowned."

"I?" he said. "Say we. Yes; it was bad. But you behaved splendidly."

"Did I?"

Their voices died away, as if there was nothing more to be said. They were not aware that Aunt Tina had left the room until minutes after she had silently withdrawn. Then Guy said, "The house is safe. The water will come no higher. There was a message to Aunt Tina—the negroes are holding the dikes at Hugo's place."

"You won't have to go there?"

"I'm not needed."

"I'm glad." Her voice sank to a whisper.

Guy leaned in his chair and touched her hand.

"You've changed," he said. "Your voice is different—all your manner is different. It's—it's as if the river had swept the anger and hostility out of you."

Her eyes met his; she was mutely asking him—what? He could not read her eyes. He said urgently, "Tell me—why did you, without knowing me at all, dislike me? Was it because you felt I'd intruded—somehow—by having read the words Ninon had written me?"

"It isn't easy," Geraldine said softly. "I thought—" She hesitated, fumbling for words. "I know how very dear Ninon is to you. And I thought that because she had pleaded with you to marry me——"

In an instant Guy was beside her chair. "What are you saying? Marry you. Ninon wrote nothing about marrying you!"

"I saw the letter."

"But there was nothing——"

"I saw the letter! On her desk in her house in Paris—I've told you that. I haven't forgotten what she wrote. I know her words: 'Let me be honest with you, Guy. I've made a plan in my heart for Geraldine. Paris is insecure in these times, the flame of revolution is growing. I have fears for the girl's future here. I want you to like her. I shall confess the truth: I hope you'll want to marry her——'"

"No," Guy said. "You say you saw this letter—very well, you saw it. But I haven't seen it! The letter I had was very different. Ninon actually warned me against you——"

"How?"

Shrugging his shoulders he said: "She said you were headstrong. She said, 'There's a wildness in her. Perhaps I should warn you.'"

"So . . ." Geraldine turned away and nodded. "That's so much more subtle, isn't it?"

"I don't understand."

For the first time the girl smiled warmly. "Because you know nothing about the dark, devious hearts of women, Guy Breslay! Ninon substituted another letter, discarding the first letter, thinking to herself—surely—that for a plain and honest man like Guy Breslay there is no challenge like a warning——"

"Come! I don't believe it."

"Because it's theatrical? Ninon's world has always been the theatre. But it doesn't matter—now—what we believe about the letter." She broke off. "Does it?" she said. The words seemed to hang in the quiet air.

Then, looking at her steadily, Guy Breslay knew. The uncertainty faded. The sense of loss and unfamiliar things drained away from him.

"Stand up," he said abruptly. His voice was firm. "And the blanket—I can't kiss you if you keep that blanket clutched about you."

She shrugged the blanket from her shoulders and stood up, smiling at him.

(Copyright)

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"Guess where I found this baby mud hen!"

WORTH Reporting

WE have received from America a request which is a compliment to Australian manufacturers.

It comes from Clifford E. Egeland, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, U.S.A.

"In 1943," he writes, "I was stationed at Sydney prior to leaving for New Guinea. While there I purchased an olive-drab, v-necked, pullover sweater at an officers' sales store.

"I have been unable to find a comparable sweater in the States, and would like to purchase several more if I could secure the name of the manufacturer or retailer."

Mr. Egeland encloses the label from his old sweater. It's marked "Q120, 1942, Made in Australia Size 42."

We don't usually embark on a shopping service, but we feel this is a matter involving our national pride, so we've started inquiries.

Besides, we liked Mr. Egeland's postscript. It read:

"I hope that I don't sound sentimental when I mention that I often think of Sydney and the hospitality of her people. It would be a pleasure to walk down George Street again, or to take a tram to one of the beaches.

"My memories of Australia ('Cobber,' 'Stalk and Aigs,' etc.), will always be among some of the pleasantest that I can recall."

* * *

AD. in a Sydney daily: "For Sale, Bedroom — Beautiful Golden Blonde, ultra modern suite, 4-piece. Nothing like it in Sydney."

Nothing like it anywhere, we'd say.

Howls in protest

MONTHS back we had a reference to a Pomeranian which "sings." Since then we've accumulated quite a file of letters on the musical habits of Poms. We duly recorded last month the case of one which howls whenever "Advance Australia Fair" is played.

Now we have a letter from Mrs. M. Little, of Port Hacking, N.S.W., whose Pom is similarly affected.

"She objects to no other noise or music whatever," writes Mrs. Little.

Animal Antics

"I think you've got something there."

Boys look ahead

TIMES have changed, as the quarterly magazine of the Hemingway Robertson Institute points out in a little article entitled "Wanted—An Office Boy."

The magazine advises employers that if they want a boy to start "at the beginning, as we started," they must realise that boys these days look ahead.

When they are 11 or 12 years old their school subjects are selected with an eye to an ultimate career.

Aptitude and vocational guidance tests may also play a part in making the boys career-conscious.

"Remember," says the writer, "the employer must 'sell' himself and his firm faithfully to the applicant, just as much as vice-versa."

* * *

NOTICE on a heap of canvas objects at an Army Disposals sale: "Army nose-bags. Useful for many purposes."

Handy for ear-bashers, no doubt.

What's an antique?

IN a bulletin we received from London concerning the Antique Dealers' Fair to be held in June, we were interested to see "antique" defined as "work of art or craftsmanship made prior to 1830."

Feeling that this sounded a bit too easy we rang Mr. C. A. Punnelle, a well-known Sydney restorer of antiques.

Sure enough, Mr. Punnelle said that, while the term antique was commonly applied to things over a hundred years old, it wasn't an exact definition.

"One must qualify the statement by considering the nature of the object, and the country it comes from," he said.

"Old bricks may be very, very old, but have no value."

As for most modern furniture, Mr. Punnelle says it will never get into the antique class.

"Much of the work to-day is an insult to anyone's intelligence, and isn't worth twopence," he says.

"It will extinguish itself through its flimsiness, and won't resist time and borers.

"Some lovely reproduction pieces are being made, but whether they will last depends on the wood they're made of."

* * *

SIGN in a London shop where artificial dentures are sold: "A gold tooth in the appropriate place will add a lively touch to any denture."

Paints boats

TWO former racing motorists, Joan Richmond and Major Harry Shaw, are now building small boats with Mr. Jerry Benson in Melbourne. The men make the hulls from light plywood, the same as that used to make the Mosquito plane, and Miss Richmond paints them.

During the war, Miss Richmond lived on her own yacht on the Thames in England.

On her return 18 months ago she formed a partnership with Major Shaw and Mr. Benson, and since then they have turned out 71 sailing boats.

They concentrate mainly on eight and twelve footers.

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UNDERGRADS. Joan Holliday (left) and Mary Fox, Sydney University women undergraduates who took part in competitive rowing at University regatta on Parramatta River

TOASTING THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM. Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd Cahill at the reception at Australia Hotel following marriage at St. Mary's Cathedral are toasted by best man, Ward Booth (third from left). Mollie Oxenham, sister of bride; Dr. John Taylor, and bridegroom's sister, Margaret Cahill. Bride formerly Elizabeth Oxenham, of Pymble.

SOCIETY OF ARTISTS EXHIBIT. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Medworth inspect sculpture at opening of special exhibition at David Jones' Art Gallery. Mr. Medworth, who opened exhibition, is in charge of art department of East Sydney Technical College.

MINERVA FIRST NIGHTERS. Mrs. C. W. Goodman and pretty Betty Lind attend first night of "Wind of Heaven." Whitehall production at Minerva Theatre.

Intimate Jottings

DISAPPOINTMENT for Tamworth Picnic Race Club when wet weather causes track at Camden Park to be so greasy that racing is discontinued after second race

Stipendiary steward H. H. Stokes stopped racing after Cyril Brown had spill from his mount, Master Dean when horse slipped in mud.

However, I'm told cracker cocktail party held at Showground Pavilion and ball in Town Hall at night are so successful that everyone enjoyed the "picnics" just the same.

• • •

"PICNICS" at Tamworth first held in 1904, and present president, Mr. J. S. N. Brown, of Menedebri, Somerton, was original member. "I was just a 'hobbledehoy' at the time," Mr. Brown tells me.

Two races run were won by Mr. V. J. Byrnes, of Strathfield, Manilla.

Mr Byrnes attended meeting with his attractive daughter Clare.

• • •

ARMIDALE represented by president of Armidale "picnics," Arthur Cobcroft, and wife, Marjorie; Mrs. J. E. Belfield and Mrs. R. Williams, and Noreen Dangar. The "Chip" Hills, from Colley Plains, Quirindi, came for the races, but did not remain for the cocktail party and ball.

• • •

JUST returned to Sydney after visit to Tamworth for picnic races, Elizabeth Morshead is caught up with round of trousseau shopping. Elizabeth was guest of her fiance's people, the James Kidds, of Echo Hills, Kootingal; and Elizabeth and fiance Michael attended "picnics" together. Couple have decided on wedding towards end of June.

LUNCHING AT PRINCE'S. Mrs. G. B. Cracknell, Goondiwindi, Queensland (left), Helen Foster, Helen Bennett, Betty McIntosh, Elayne Kryger lunch together at Prince's, when Betty McIntosh entertains in honor of Elayne, who plans trip abroad this month with her father, Mr. G. K. Kryger

LOVELY CAMELLIA. Evelyn Schwarttrauber, U.S. Vice-Consul (right), fastens white camellia to her smart black suit while she chats with Helen Walton (centre) and Ake Jonsson, of the Swedish Consulate. Party at Australia Hotel, given by Chief Public Affairs Officer of American Embassy, Mr. Burlingame, and Mrs. Burlingame, in honor of U.S. Information Librarians.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED. Pretty Judy Dixon, who announces engagement to Douglass MacLeod, has celebration dinner at Prince's. Judy, who is elder daughter of the John Dixons, of Bellevue Hill, wears lovely diamond solitaire ring.

GUEST OF HONOR, Mrs. Robert Butler (centre), wife of American Ambassador, chats with president of Australian-American Co-operative Movement, Mrs. Florence Taylor, and Mr. Russell Hauslaib at luncheon held at Savarin. Movement will hold Coral Sea Victory Ball at Trocadero this Tuesday.

MY day considerably brightened when I leave the pouring rain outside and walk into Grosvenor Galleries to see Vi Pratten's art exhibition. Despite blustery day, there is a good turn-up of interested spectators to see watercolor flower pieces and quaint valentines. Trimming on valentines runs to sequins, pearls, and feathers. Vi tells me "jewels" all come from family button-box, but that she had to buy the feathers. Explains, "I'm not a feather girl." She adds that she has new, snappy feather-trimmed hat, but she's still not partial to that form of trimming. "It worries me," she adds.

• • •

TWO eligible bachelors to desert the "P.O.W. Eligible Bachelors' Club" are Dr. Lloyd Cahill, who married pretty brunette Betty Oxenham at St. Mary's, and Johnny Fuller, who has just announced engagement to attractive Dinah Scott. Dinah is thrilled with lovely diamond solitaire, and can hardly wait to wear it until official announcement at family dinner party at home of her parents, the Thomas M. Scotts, of Double Bay. John is elder son of the John Fullers, of Caerleon, Bellevue Hill.

• • •

SO many people to accommodate at various parties arranged at Cootamundra "picnics" that a huge tent has been hired from Sydney Coota's "picnics" this Wednesday, and formidable list of social engagements for locals in district. New president, Angus Power, of Wirrilla, Jugiong, and his charming wife Joyce will entertain between 250 and 300 guests at pre-race luncheon party. The Cecil Lasts, Rawilla, Muttama; John and Teicie Dent, Laloki, Stockinbingal, and Laurie and Stewart Burt, Cootamundra, will have cocktail party immediately following last race—also in tent—and the A. G. Chenerys invite guests to pre-dinner drinks after cocktail party! The ball in the Town Hall at night will wind up Coota's festivities.

• • •

COCKTAIL party given by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Rolfe, of Queanbeyan, when their eldest daughter, Mary, announces engagement to Francis Slocum.

MY London newshound tells me it's a few days' leave for Sub-Lieut. Brian Wall when his mother, Mrs. J. J. Wall, of Pt. Piper, arrives in London. Brian has been overseas since 1944 with the R.N. He was the Dominion nomination chosen for the Service in that year. He is now finishing a special course at the Naval College at Greenwich. Mrs. Wall spends a few weeks in London, and then she and Brian intend to spend some time at the Village Inn, in Shropshire. While Mrs. Wall is away on this, her eighth trip abroad, her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Wall, have her flat in Pt. Piper.

• • •

BEAUTIFUL old church of St. Alban's, Muswellbrook, chosen by Myrtle Jarman for her recent marriage to Robert Strong. Myrtle wears magnolia satin appliqued and beaded in silver with a tiered French tulle veil to tone. Bride is only daughter of the A. T. Jarmans, of Muswellbrook, formerly of Manly. Bridegroom is the elder son of Mrs. M. M. Strong, of Blairmore, Aberdeen, and the late Mr. R. H. Strong.

• • •

COUNTRY guests among those who attend wedding at St. Andrew's, Canberra, when Beryl MacDougall, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adair C. MacDougall, marries Trevor Stevenson, of Terra Bella, Geurie. Beryl's family are living temporarily in Canberra, having recently relinquished their two properties—Dunollie, Wallendbeen; and Dunollie Park, Harden. Now that Beryl is married they will take up another pastoral holding in Tasmania.

Reception is held at Barton House, Canberra.

• • •

TELEPHONE call to Los Angeles for Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Ryan, of Kingsford, who talk to their daughter, Mrs. Robert Wolfe, formerly Denise Ryan, and hear news of her baby son, Michael John. Denise's home is in Inglewood, Los Angeles, and for the first seven months of her stay in America she had a sightseeing holiday travelling throughout the States.

Joyce

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No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 5

DR. CHESTER rose abruptly. "Whatever I may think, there's nothing to be gained by discussing it," he said. "I've given Ermyntrude some tablets to take, but there's nothing wrong with her. Keep her fairly quiet to-day. She'll be all right by to-morrow."

"It would be a lot easier to keep her quiet if this wretched Russian weren't here," said Mary. "Vicky said an hour ago that the stage was all set for him to walk on and do his big act, and she's about right." She frowned worriedly.

"I don't want Aunt Ermy to divorce Wally, though I think she has every right to, and I shall be very thankful if they agree to bury the hatchet. But he's in one of his impossible moods, and what chance can there be of Aunt Ermy's making it up with him while her precious Prince is beguiling her with his title and his flashing smile? What did he want with you just now?"

"I really don't know. Something that Bawtry said yesterday seems to have put him on the scent of my pet hobby-horse. I don't think he's really interested, though. He angled a little for an invitation to come over to my place and see my finds, but I'm afraid I wasn't very responsive. Do you want a respite from him? Shall I ask him to come over this afternoon?"

"Maurice, it would be an awfully Christian deed!" said Mary gratefully. "But I don't quite see why he should want to." Light dawned on her; the troubled crease vanished from between her brows; she gave a ripple of laughter.

"Oh, what a fool I am! Of course I see! He's hoping to pump you about Aunt Ermy's money! He wants to know whether it's hers, or goes to Vicky when she comes of age! He tried me, but I snubbed him."

"Let him hope!" said Chester, with rather a grim smile.

Mary went downstairs with him, and out into the sunlit gardens. The tennis court was within sight of the house, and they walked there together.

Vicky was playing singles with Alan, while the Prince looked on from the sideline, but she left the court when she saw the doctor approaching, and ran to meet him, to know how her mother was. He returned a reassuring answer, and repeated it to the Prince, who came up a moment later to inquire solicitously after Ermyntrude.

After that, he said easily that it had occurred to him that the Prince might be interested to see his small collection of prehistoric specimens, and invited him to call and take tea with him that afternoon.

The Prince was all smiles, but did not know whether perhaps his kind host and hostess had made other plans for him.

However, Vicky promptly set that doubt to rest by saying: "Oh, no, because poor darling Ermyntrude will be feeling frightfully moth-eaten, and I happen to know that Wally's going over to see Harold White at five. So do go! I'll lend you my car."

"Then at about five, shall we say?" suggested the Prince.

Chester, trying to infuse some enthusiasm into his voice, replied that he would be delighted. He then glanced at his watch, and announced that as he had several patients to visit before lunch he must be going.

Mary walked across the lawn with him to the front drive. She said in an exasperated tone: "How like Wally to trail his coat in front of Aunt Ermy like that! Why on earth must he choose this of all days to go and hobnob with White!"

Chester did not make any reply to this outburst, and she said no more. As they reached the drive Wally came out of the house. He stopped dead at sight of the doctor.

"Yes, I might have known you'd turn up," he said indignantly. "You needn't tell me you were sent for, because I'd have bet any money you would be. And don't start looking accusingly at me, as though it was my fault, because it wasn't! Anyone would think I was Bluebeard from the way Ermy's been behaving.

"If anyone's got the right to call you in, it's me! But if I took to my bed, and I pulled down the blinds, and refused to eat any food, would I get any sympathy? Oh no! Oh dear me, no!"

"Certainly not from me," said Chester, getting into his car and switching on the engine. "I've given your wife some tablets to take, and provided she's not agitated again she should be all right in an hour or two. Good-bye!"

Wally watched the car move forward, and presently vanish from sight round a bend in the drive.

"Given her some tablets to take! Yes, I've no doubt! The wonder is he didn't give her a bottle of water with a bit of peppermint in it, and charge her three-and-sixpence for it!"

"Uncle Wally, is it true that Baker's trying to get five hundred out of you?" Mary demanded.

He looked rather suspiciously at her. "What do you mean, is it true? You don't suppose I'd give him five hundred because I've got a kind heart, do you?"

"No, I don't. But it seems a sum out of all reason! In fact, it looks to me like blackmail."

"You don't know anything about it. These things cost a lot of money. Besides, five hundred doesn't mean anything to Ermy."

Mary struggled with herself. "Uncle, can't you see how wrong it is that she should have to buy you out of this at all?"

"It's her own fault," replied Wally. "If she'd made a decent settlement on me at the outset she wouldn't have had to stump up now, because, naturally, I'd have seen to it myself. You're very full of sympathy for her, but what do you suppose it's like for me to have to borrow money from my wife to provide for poor little Gladys?"

It was obviously hopeless to argue with him. Mary said coldly: "You haven't a leg to stand on, and you know it. Is it true that you've arranged to go over to the Dower House this afternoon?"

"That's right! Now start to nag about that! Run up and tell Ermy! Then we can have another nice scene."

"Look here, Uncle, if you want Ermyntrude to forgive you, don't annoy her again! It's sheer folly, for you know what she feels about Harold White! Surely you needn't go and see him to-day?"

"Well, that's where you're wrong, because I've got a bit of business to discuss with him. There's no need for Ermy to know anything about it, unless you go and give the show away to her."

"She'll find out without any assistance from me," replied Mary curtly, and left him.

Dr. Chester's visit, or his tablets, seemed to have had a most beneficial effect upon Ermyntrude. Mary found her keeping body and soul together with a few delicate sandwiches and a glass of champagne, a diet which, however ill-advised it might have been for one in a high fever, apparently revived her considerably.

"Maurice made me promise to eat something," she said, smiling sadly at Mary. "I always think there's nothing like champagne if you're feeling wretched. But, Mary dear, I don't like this salt caviar. You oughtn't to have bought it, dearie. I know the Prince prefers it fresh."

She drank the rest of her champagne, and felt so much restored by it that, after silently considering the disadvantages of a prolonged sojourn in bed, she said that little though she might be equal to it, she ought to make an effort to come down for lunch.

So at twelve o'clock, accompanied by her personal maid, who carried her smelling-salts, handkerchief, and eau-de-cologne, and leaning artistically on Mary's arm, she came falteringly downstairs, and disposed herself on the sofa in the drawing-room.

Though made quite faint by so much exertion, she was able to take an interest in the pleasing picture she presented, and to remark naively that the new teagown she was wearing might have been expressly designed for just such an occasion.

It seemed at first as though the new teagown was going to be wasted, for Mary had neglected to inform the Prince that his hostess proposed to come downstairs to luncheon, so that instead of being at hand to lead Ermyntrude to her couch he was playing an extremely competent game of tennis against both Vicky and Alan.

Happily, just as Ermyntrude was beginning to feel herself miserably neglected, Robert Steel dropped in on his way back from church, and showed so much concern over her condition that her depression fell away from her, and she forgot about the Prince. For, as she had more than once confided to Mary, there was something very attractive about a masterful man.

Mary left her basking in the care of this particular masterful man. She knew in all probability that Ermyntrude would pour out her woes to him, but it hardly seemed worth while to try to avert this indiscretion, since sooner or later Ermyntrude would be bound to tell him the whole story.

He left the house just after one o'clock, and when Mary, encountering him in the hall, asked him if he would not stay to luncheon, he declined so roughly that she knew that Ermyntrude had made the most of her wrongs to him.

He seemed to repent of his brusqueness, and said in his blunt way: "Sorry, Mary, but if I had to sit down to table with Carter, I'd choke! I'd like to break his neck!"

"Don't mind me, will you?" said Mary wearily.

"I'm sorry for you!" retorted Steel. "You needn't pretend to care tuppence for him, because I know you don't."

"That doesn't mean that I like having to listen to your strictures on him!" said Mary, whose temper was wearing thin.

The muscles about his mouth seemed to stiffen.

"All right, I apologise!" he said in a carefully controlled voice. "No business to have said that to you. I'd better go before I run into him."

She felt a little stir of pity for him, and said: "Robert, don't take it too seriously! I know it's pretty bad, but it isn't your affair, and, honestly, it's no use getting worked up about it."

He looked down at her with an angry glow at the back of his eyes.

"Look here, my girl!" he said grimly. "I've loved Ermy since I first laid eyes on her, and you know it, so you can stop talking about what's my affair and what isn't, because I'm not interested in your views on the matter."

He did not wait to hear what she might have to say in answer to this, but strode out of the house to his car and drove off with a furious jarring of gears slammed home and the scud of gravel slipping under wheels wrenched roughly round.

"An English Sunday at Home!" said Mary, apparently addressing a huge bowl of lilies.

Please turn to page 24

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — By TIM

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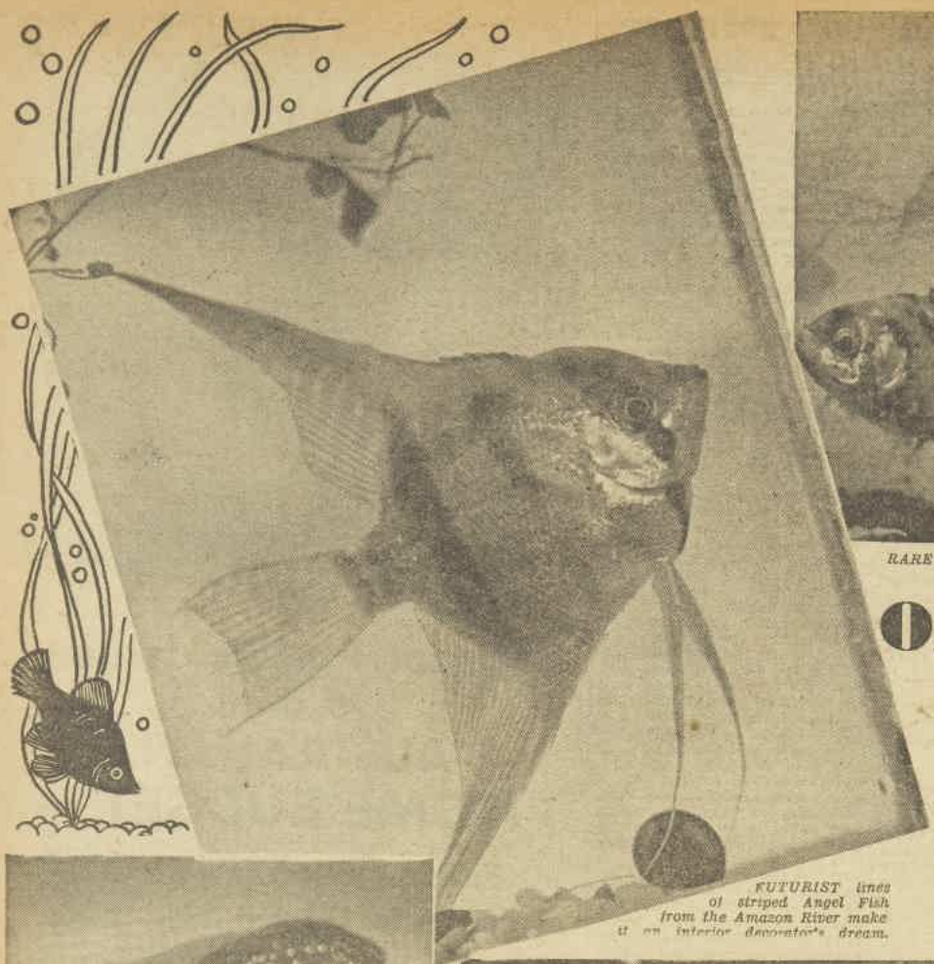
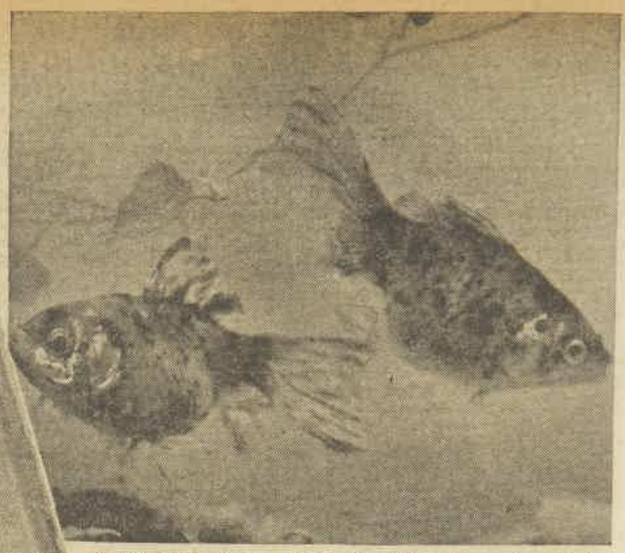


FUTURIST lines of striped Angel Fish from the Amazon River make it an interior decorator's dream.



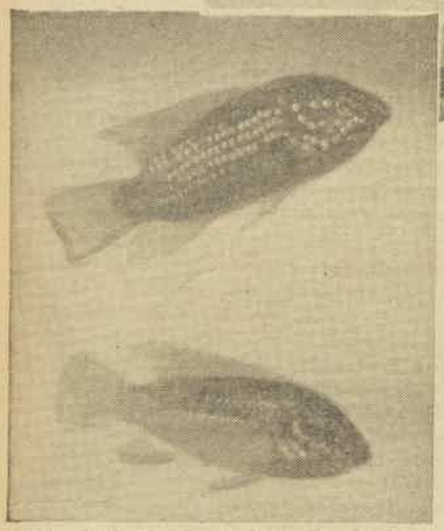
RARE VARIETY of goldfish, the Calico Fantail, has mottled coloring, much prized by collectors.

TRANSPARENT

One in six people k
or tropical fish

In the past when you were run down, jittery, or recovering from an operation you were advised to take a rest cure in the country. Now it's simpler and cheaper to buy yourself a pair of goldfish. The effect, apparently, is just about the same.

An English psychiatrist recently recommended watching goldfish as part of the relaxing treatment for patients' nerves.



JEWEL-FISH, which comes from India, has row of brilliant emerald-green markings down side of body.

PRESIDENT of Aquarium Society of N.S.W. Mr. P. Jensen prides himself on his variety of Betta Splendens tropical fish from Siam.

FEW things had such a soothing mental effect, it was claimed, as watching fish swimming round in a glass tank.

The idea has caught on in Australia, too.

Local dealers report a greater demand than ever before for goldfish, tropical fish, and other exotic varieties which can be kept indoors.

Many requests are from hospitals, doctors, and dentists, who want to soothe patients' nerves before treatment.

"We have had orders for up to 70 and 80 fish, complete with tanks and oxygen plants, for doctors' and dentists' waiting-rooms," Mr. William Roberts, a Sydney dealer, told me.

"There's also a big demand from hospitals, particularly the children's wards. Judging from the numbers of people who've come in for fish, I'd say one in every six was keeping either goldfish or tropical fish."

Some orders are from people who have enjoyed watching fish in the tanks in pet shops, and decide they'd like to have some of their own to watch at home.

Around the walls of Mr. Roberts showrooms are tanks containing fish of all descriptions, ranging from the humble, straight-tailed carp which cost two shillings a pair, to more expensive novelty varieties.

Beginners are recommended to start with cheap fish, until they have got used to keeping them. Cost of feeding is practically nil. Provided tanks are equipped with suitable weeds and oxygen plants.

"You can dig worms from the garden, or buy threepenny packets of dried food, which lasts for months," Mr. Roberts said.

"The main thing is not to overfeed. Half the tragedies among goldfish are caused through overfeeding."

And if you think all goldfish look alike, you are mistaken. They come in gold, white, speckled, blue and black, depending on the breed, and the price varies according.

A pair of good Comets, short and deep gold with long, feathery tails and fins, will set you back about £5/5/-. So will the Lionheads, which are gold or mottled, with a dark, mossy growth on the head when mature.

Whereas a good pair of Veil-tailed Calicos, whose tails are flimsy as the finest gauze, or Black Moors, which resemble a goldfish in silhouette, will bring almost any price from collectors.

The nine varieties of goldfish which now exist were developed by the Chinese over the past 3000 years by a careful process of selective breeding from the Golden Carp.

The process has been handed down from dynasty to dynasty, and in ancient days was known only to the Chinese.

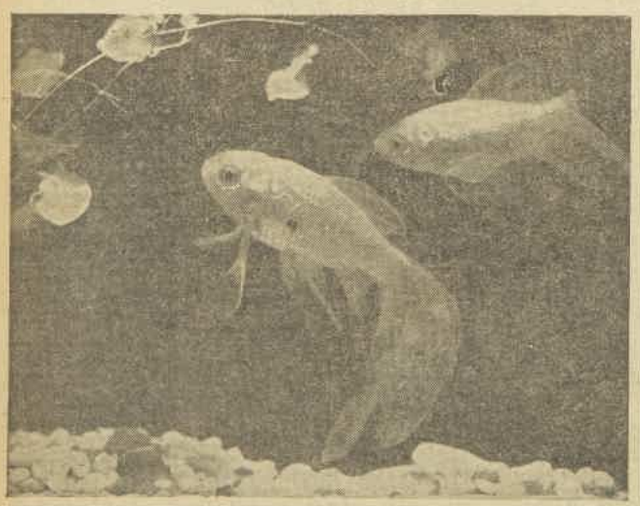
Let a goldfish breed indiscriminately, and it will revert to the carp which has short fins, a stumpy tail and no claim to beauty whatever.

That is why the selective breeding of goldfish is so important in producing the graceful, fluffy-tailed varieties which are so prized by collectors.

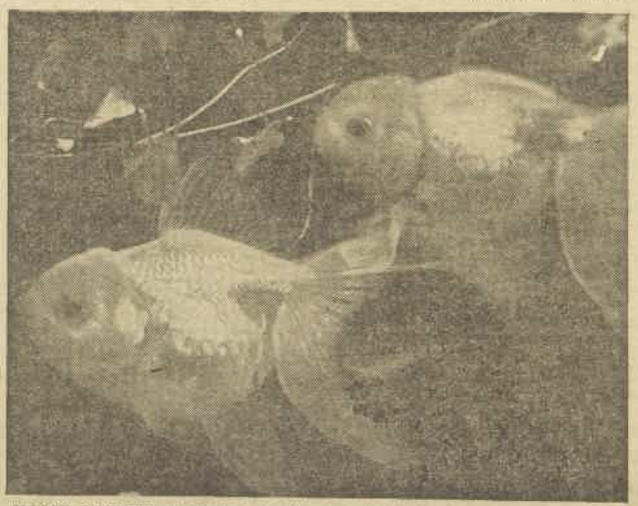
Many of the fine varieties of goldfish which have been evolved in Australia of recent years are due to the efforts of members of the Aquarium Societies of New South Wales and Victoria.

The N.S.W. society has been meeting monthly since 1902 to study the habits, breeds, and idiosyncrasies of goldfish and other tropicals, and holds annual exhibitions of prize species.

Its president, Mr. P. Jensen, of Haberfield, has been keeping fish



STREAMLINED. Comet goldfish are bright red and built for speed. Pictures by staff photographer H. Hasenpflug.



MOSSY GROWTH on head of the Oranda goldfish develops with age. Similar to Lionhead variety, a good breed brings high price from collectors.

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tails of the Veil-Tailed Calico goldfish were developed after centuries of breeding from the carp.

SILHOUETTE appearance is given by this champion Black Moor goldfish owned by Mr. R. Woodroff, of St. Peters.

keeps goldfish

By staff reporter JOAN POWE

nearly 30 years, and showed more than 500 entries in the Aquarium Society's exhibition last year.

The walls of the greenhouse where he keeps his tanks of fish are lined with blue ribbons and championship ribbons which his fish have won.

Members of the Aquarium Society would not look twice at the varieties of goldfish which are caught by small boys in ponds.

Points they look for in pedigree fish are color, length of tail and fins and the development of characteristics which mark the various breeds.

According to Mr. Jensen, who is a painter and decorator, once you start keeping fish it is a hobby you can never give up.

Apart from the interest of breeding prize specimens, goldfish and tropical fish can be trained as pets. They can learn to recognise their owner, and may eventually eat out of his hand.

They also know the moment strangers enter the room, and hide at the back of the tank through shyness.

"Some experts say goldfish are practically blind, and rely on their hearing, but I think they posses both faculties, as well as a sense of smell," Mr. Jensen said. "They will come to the side of the tank even if you don't make a sound."

There is no limit to the length a goldfish can grow under ideal conditions.

Need space

MR. JENSEN has preserved two of his fantails, now dead, which measured three and a half inches long, and carried off every Aquarium Society championship for which they were eligible.

But fish need space and plenty of oxygen, which is one of the reasons why the society is waging war against the round goldfish bowl which was once so popular.

"Apart from cruelty to the fish, the bowl distorts its natural shape so that it is not seen to the best advantage," Mr. Jensen said.

"Tanks are the ideal containers for goldfish, and the water need never be changed if they contain sufficient oxygen plants," he said. "The normal-sized tank will hold eight fish, working on the basis of a gallon of water to each fish."

There is a rumor that goldfish go mad through continuous swimming round in circles in a bowl, but the society refuses to make any comment on that question.

Although fond of goldfish, Mr. Jensen believes that the freshwater tropical fish, which come mainly from India, China, and South America, will eventually be more popular as pets.

Australian fish on the whole have little interest for collectors, as they cannot live in fresh water, and are usually drab in color.

From their point of view the best of the Australian fish is the purple-spotted gudgeon, but it is rarely kept in a collection.

But the imported tropical fish are highly colored, delicately shaped and very little trouble to keep.

They also offer a greater variety of habits than the goldfish, and can be selected to suit all tastes.

For people who like a little temperament and mettle in their fish, there are the Betta Splendens of Siam, better known as the Fighting Fish, which are bright blue in color.

If two males are placed in the same tank they deepen in color with rage until they look like a pair of animated blue bags, and fight to the death.

Although only a few inches long, and with mouths no bigger than other fish, they bite at each other until one is triumphant, and the vanquished sans fins, sans tail, sans skin, sans everything.

Even when not called upon to engage in combat, the Fighting Fish is short-lived. It survives only two years, compared with goldfish, which live for seven or eight.

There is a story of a goldfish found in an abbey moat in England with a label saying it was 200 years old, but members of the society dismiss it as just another fish story.

For the romantically minded who fancy something in their tanks on the lines of the lovebird, there are the Helostoma temmincki, from Malaya, better known as the Kissing Fish.

These little fish are pale pink in color, with fleshy suction-pads on their lips, and their clinches make lovebirds look like amateurs.

YOUNGEST member of Aquarium Society, Walter Broadbent, 9, is keenly interested in fish collection.

And if you think fish don't make good mothers, you should observe the habits of some of these tropical varieties.

The Chinese Paradise Fish, which are about two inches long and have red markings, build a bubble-nest on the top of the water, and then blow the spawn into it.

The Hemichromis bimaculatus, or Jewel Fish, takes pains to dig a hole in the sand for its young, and stands guard over them like a hen with its chickens.

Ideal mother

BUT the medal for mothercraft goes to the Scalare, or Angel Fish, which is obtained from the Amazon River in South Amercia, and has only been bred here successfully in the past four or five years.

Spawn are attached by a long thread to a leaf, and as it develops the mother Angel Fish can be seen carefully cleaning off any grit or sand with her mouth.

The goldfish has none of this affection and delicacy of feeling towards its offspring.

Leave the eggs in the same tank as Momma and Poppa Goldfish, and they will feast on the lot without the slightest compunction.

But it is not really difficult to raise goldfish, once you have retrieved the eggs, which are spawned on the water hyacinth. They hatch in a few days, and after five or six weeks the young fish can be returned to their parents' tanks with impunity.

AUTHORITY on goldfish, Mr. A. J. Carruthers, receives large correspondence from collectors.

Interior decorators are exploiting the popularity of goldfish and tropical fish in planning modern rooms.

A Brisbane firm suggests that narrow glass tanks be let into walls between rooms and filled with colored fish, as a means of brightening the home.

Choosing your fish to harmonise with the furnishings, or vice versa, has infinite possibilities.

The striped Angel Fish, in brown and white, with a long, spiky fin, seems to fit into a modern scheme.

The Jewel Fish, with shimmering green spots along both sides, can harmonise with the wallpaper, and bring out the color of the carpet.

Oldest member of the Aquarium Society, Mr. A. J. Carruthers, 82, of Arncliffe, N.S.W., was recently made a foundation member for his work as past-president, treasurer, and honorary librarian.

He had one of the finest collections of goldfish in his State, but because of ill-health has had to dispense with most of it.

Mr. Carruthers was responsible for interesting the society's youngest member, Walter Broadbent, 9, of Arncliffe, in keeping tropical fish.

Young Walter has several tanks of fish in the family's sitting-room, and won a second certificate for green swordtails and a merit certificate for his goldfish at the society's exhibition last year.

Walter attends all the monthly meetings accompanied by his father or mother. He breeds white worms in a box in the backyard to feed his fish, and looks after his aquarium himself.

His father, Mr. G. Broadbent, a watchmaker and jeweller, is also interested in Walter's hobby, and has fitted up the tanks with lights and a pump.

Having his photograph taken was the culmination of a big week for young, redheaded Walter, as he had been made a choir boy at church, and a Sixer in the Scouts, all within a few days.

Next year Walter hopes to exhibit more fish, and is rapidly increasing his collection. But his mind is made up about what he will do when he grows up—he's going to be a watchmaker and jeweller, like his father.

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No Wind of Blame

ERMYNTRUDE'S luncheon was carried into the drawing-room on a tray, an arrangement which met with Wally's undisguised approval, but, although she was too ill to take her place in the dining-room, she felt just strong enough after she has disposed of a nourishing and varied repast to welcome the Prince to a chair beside her sofa, and to hold him in sad, low-voiced converse for over an hour.

"And I quite think that she's doing her Great Renunciation scene," said Vicky, sprawling, all legs and arms, in the hammock. "She definitely had that look on her face, hadn't she?"

"I don't know, and I think the way you talk about her is perfectly disgusting!" said Mary.

"Oh, darling, do you? Are you feeling foul?"

"I'm feeling utterly fed-up with the whole situation!"

"Never mind, sweet! We're getting rid of Alexis for tea," said Vicky.

"If your mother lets him go."

"Well, if she does, it'll be a pretty sure sign that she's sacrificed him to Duty," said Vicky cheerfully.

Whether Ermyntrude had indeed done this, or not, she put no obstacle in the way of the Prince's keeping his engagement with Dr. Chester. When Mary interrupted her tete-a-tete with him, to suggest to her that she should rest on her bed until tea-time, she made no demur, but allowed herself to be supported upstairs to her room. She had had a disturbed night, an exhausting quarrel, and a large luncheon, and she felt extremely sleepy.

She cherished no illusions about the appearance presented by middle-aged ladies overtaken by post-prandial slumber, and had no intention of sleeping anywhere but in the privacy of her bedroom. Moreover, she wanted to take off her corsets.

Mary waited to see her comfortably bestowed, and retired to her own apartment. She felt that she was entitled to a respite, and she did not emerge until it was nearly time for tea.

Vicky was still in the hammock, and the Prince, very natty in a grey flannel suit and wash-leather gloves, was inquiring the way to Dr. Chester's house of his host.

"You can't miss it," said Wally. "It's in the village. Ivy-covered place standing right on the road, with a lot of white posts in front of it."

"Ah, yes. I will remember. But the village, in effect, where is that?"

"Turn to the right when you come out of the garage entrance, and left when you get to the T road, past the Dower House," said Wally in the tone of one who found the subject tedious. "And it's no good expecting anyone to drive you, because my wife's got a lot of silly ideas about giving the chauffeur the day off every Sunday."

He added handsomely, "Of course, if I weren't going out myself I wouldn't mind running you there."

No amount of rudeness seemed to have the power of ruffling the Prince's temper.

"It is unnecessary, I assure you, for Vicky lends me her car," he replied, with his inevitable smile. "It is I who may perhaps drive you to this Dower House, which you say I shall pass?"

"Very good of you, but you needn't bother. I always walk over by way of the bridge," said Wally. "Short cut through the garden," he explained.

"Then I will say au revoir," bowed the Prince.

Continued from page 21

"So long!" replied Wally, adding when his guest was out of earshot: "And if you have a head-on collision with a steam-roller it'll be all right with me!"

Ermyntrude would have been extremely indignant had she known that her dislike of the intimacy prevailing between Wally and Harold White was shared by Janet White.

Filial piety forbade Janet to ascribe her father's vagaries to any inherent weakness of character. She said sadly that Mr. Carter had led him into bad ways, a pronouncement that enraged her brother, who did not suffer from filial piety and who had never shown the slightest hesitation to proclaim his undeviating dislike of his parent.

This shocked Janet very much, for she was a girl who believed firmly in doing one's duty, and what more certain duty could there be than that of loving one's father?

As it was clearly very difficult to love a father who showed only the most infrequent signs of reciprocating her affection, but more often wondered aloud why he should have been cursed with an unsatisfactory son and a fool of a daughter, Janet was forced to weave round him a veil of her own imagination.

She decided that her mother's death had embittered him, conveniently forgetting the quarrels that had raged between the pair during the much-enduring Mrs. White's lifetime.

It was more difficult to find excuses to account for Harold White's predilection for low company, and Janet preferred not to think about this. When Alan spoke his mind on the subject of finding the house invaded by bookmakers and touts, she said that poor father had to mix with all sorts and conditions of men in the course of his duties at the colliery and so had perhaps lost the power of discrimination.

Her tea-planter, who privately considered that Harold White was what he called tersely "a wrong 'un," was anxious to remove her from the sphere of his influence; but Janet, though generally indeterminate, was firm on one point: until Alan was earning money and could thus escape from the parental roof, her duty was to remain at home and to keep the peace between the father and son.

She was well aware that White had more than once managed to borrow money from Wally and that the two men very often entered together into schemes for getting-rich-quick which were, she supposed, as dubious as they were unsuccessful.

The information, therefore, that Wally Carter and Samuel Jones, of Friston, were both coming to tea at five o'clock on Sunday made her feel vaguely disquieted, since it drew from Alan a highly libellous estimate of Mr. Jones' character and reputation.

"A man not fit to be in the same room with my sister!" he said dramatically.

"Shut up, you young fool!" his father said angrily. "You don't know what you're talking about, and if you think I'm going to put up with your theatrical ways you're wrong! What's more, Sam Jones is a Town Councillor and goes to chapel regularly."

"Yes," sneered Alan. "Votes against Sunday games in the park, too, not to mention schemes for better housing for poor devils in the Old Town. It makes me sick!"

"Perhaps it isn't true," said Janet charitably.

"Isn't it just! If that greasy swine's coming here I shall go out, that's all. I suppose, if the truth were told, he's got some shady scheme on foot, and you and Carter think you're going to benefit by it."

"Alan, dear, you oughtn't to talk to father like that."

This mild reproof was endorsed by White in terms which finally drove Alan from the table, declaring that he would starve before he ate another morsel under the parental roof.

When he slammed his way out of the room, Janet, in whom tact was not a predominant feature, said that she didn't know why it was, but she had never liked Samuel Jones.

"Well, you're not asked to like him," snapped White. "You needn't think he's coming for the pleasure of seeing you, because he's not. In fact, the scarcer you make yourself the better."

"Oh, dear, that means you're going to talk business! I do wish you wouldn't, Father. I'm sure he's not a good man."

"Never you mind what we're going to talk about! And if I catch you blabbing all around the countryside any rubbish about Jones and Carter you'll be sorry!"

Janet was too well accustomed to this rough form of address to be hurt by it. She merely blinked at him and said: "Yes, Father. Will they want tea? Because it's Florence's half-day."

"I suppose you're capable of making tea without assistance?"

"Yes, only if you had told me yesterday I could have made a cake. I'm afraid there isn't much."

"No, there wouldn't be," said her parent sardonically. "Cut some sandwiches or something."

"We might have tea in the garden," said Janet, as though this would compensate for the meagre nature of the repast.

Her father intimated that she might set the tea-table where she chose and added that he had no desire to include his son in the party.

As Alan had expressed his intention of starving before he ate another meal at the Dower House, Janet did not think that he would appear again until supper-time. She went in search of him presently, but found that he had left the house. White went out into the garden and peace descended, so that Janet was able to devote her attention to the writing of her weekly letter to her tea-planter.

She was one of those persons who could, without apparent effort, fill any number of sheets with harmless inanities, and she had not by any means come to the end of all she had to say when the clock in the hall struck four and recalled her to her duties.

Putting away her writing materials, she went into the kitchen to make scones for tea. She was still engaged on this task when White shouted to know whether she was asleep or meant to prepare for the coming of his guests.

He did not show the least gratitude when she hurried out to tell him of her activities in the kitchen, but remarked, with perfect truth, that her hair was coming down and that her nose was shining.

"It's so hot bending over the stove on a day like this," said Janet apologetically.

"Well, for heaven's sake make yourself respectable before Jones and Carter turn up!" he replied. "I've put some chairs out, but I don't know where you keep your tablecloths."

"Oh, have you? Oh, thank you, Father. I'll do the rest!" she said, feeling she had been right in her judgment of him all along and that a rough exterior hid a heart of gold.

The garden of the Dower House sloped down to the stream separating it from Greystanes, but a previous tenant had levelled part of the upper ground into a terrace.

Here White had dragged several chairs and a weather-beaten garden-table, disposing them in the shade cast by the house. Janet spread a cloth over the table, set the tea-tray on top of it, and went indoors to take her scones out of the oven.

When she came out on to the terrace again she had changed her workaday garb for a blue dress, startlingly unsuited to her rather sallow complexion, and had powdered her nose. She found that Mr. Jones had already arrived and was deep in conversation with her father. This conversation broke off abruptly upon her appearance, and Mr. Jones hoisted himself out of his chair with a grunt and shook hands with her.

MR. JONES was a fat man with a jowl and a smile that was altogether too wide and guileless to be credible; and his notion of making himself agreeable to women was to talk to them with an air of patronage mixed with gallantry.

Janet's rigid standards of the civility due to a guest compelled her to receive Mr. Jones' sallies with outward complaisance, but when, from her chair facing down the garden, she caught a glimpse of Wally descending the path to the bridge between the banks of rhododendrons on the opposite slope, she rose with obvious relief and said that she could see Mr. Carter coming and would go and make the tea.

Her father, who had been treating her with the politeness he reserved for public use, forgot, in the irritation of finding his cigarette-case empty, that in the presence of strangers she was his indulged daughter, and got up, demanding to know why she had not put out a box of cigarettes.

"Oh dear, didn't I?" said Janet distressfully. "I'll get it, shall I?"

"Not on my account, I beg!" said Mr. Jones, raising a plump hand.

"It's all right. You needn't bother!" said White hastily. "My fault!"

This handsome admission, accompanied as it was by the smile of a fond parent, not unnaturally made Janet blink. As White moved towards the window of his study and leaned in to reach the wooden cigarette-box that stood on his desk, Mr. Jones said wisely that his guess was that Janet was one of the Marthas of the world.

Not even the most domesticated girl could be expected to relish this reading of her character, and Janet had just opened her mouth to deny it when a diversion occurred which changed the words on her tongue to a small shriek of dismay.

"Say, come to think of it, I never heard of the Society to Send a Little Boy to the Pictures This Afternoon and a Milk Shake Afterwards."

From the dense rhododendron thickets a shot had sounded and Wally Carter, who had unlatched the gate on the farther side of the stream and stepped on to the bridge, sagged at the knes and crumpled into an inanimate heap on the rough planks.

"Why—what—what's happened?" gasped Mr. Jones, his eyes starting out of his head.

Harold White, who had turned quickly at the sound of Janet's shriek, was not in a position to obtain a view of the bridge over the stream and demanded testily to know the meaning of his daughter's scream.

"Mr. Carter—the shot—!" whimpered Janet.

White strode up to her and looked in the direction of her shaking finger. The sight of Wally's still form made him give an exclamation under his breath, but instead of joining Janet and Mr. Jones in their stupefied immobility he threw his cigarette-box into a chair, spilling its contents haphazard, and snapped out: "Don't stand there like a stuck pig! Come on!"

His words jerked the other two out of their trance. Mr. Jones heaved himself out of his chair and set off down the slope in White's wake at a lumbering trot, while Janet followed sobbing, "Oh dear, oh dear!" in an ineffectual manner that would certainly have infuriated White had he lingered to hear it.

Please turn to page 26

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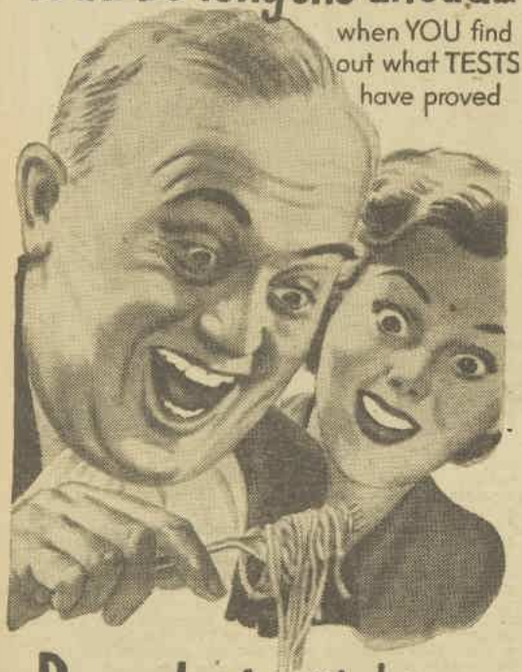

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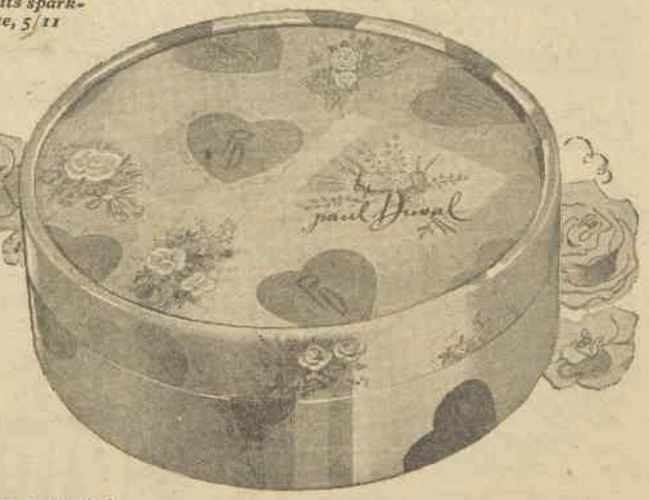

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No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 24

HAROLD WHITE had raised Wally in his arms and was feeling for his heart by the time Janet and Samuel Jones reached the bridge. He was looking rather pale, and when he drew his hand away it was reddened with blood.

"Oh, is he dead? Oh, whatever shall we do?" cried Janet distractedly.

"Stop that screeching and get something to stanch the blood!" snapped White. "Here, Sam, see what you can do! I don't know how far he's gone. I'll get hold of Chester at once. Thank heaven it's a Sunday and he won't be out!"

Mr. Jones, whose cheeks had assumed a yellow pallor, knels clumsily down beside Wally's body and told Janet in an unsteady voice to tear a piece off her petticoat or something.

Janet, however, had had her father's handkerchief thrust into her hand, and, with trembling fingers, was unbuttoning Wally's shirt, to lay bare a neat red role in his chest.

The sight of blood made her feel sick, but after the first few moments of startled horror she managed to pull herself together and even had the presence of mind to call after her father, who was running back to the house, that it was no use for him to ring up Dr. Chester.

"He's out!" she shouted. "I saw his car pass the house from my bedroom window just before I came down! Going towards Greystanes!"

White swore, checking for an instant. "All right, I'll get his partner!" he said then.

He vanished from their sight round a clump of azaleas, and Janet, swallowing hard, turned back to Wally's body.

Samuel Jones had struggled out of his coat and had rolled it into a pillow for Wally's head. His gaily colored shirt seemed out of keeping with his blanched, horror-stricken countenance. He said in a hushed voice: "It's no use, Miss Janet. He's gone."

"Oh no, don't say that! He can't have!" quavered Janet, holding White's handkerchief pressed to the wound in Wally's chest. "Oh, what an awful thing! Oughtn't we try to give him brandy? Only it says in my first-aid book that one should never——"

"He's gone," repeated Jones, laying Wally's slack hand, which he had been holding by the wrist, down on the planks. "You can't feel a pulse. Not a flicker. Clean through the heart, if you ask me." He swore under his breath. "If I'd known this was going to happen I'd never have come!"

Janet was too busy fussing over Wally's body to pay much heed to this somewhat egoistic remark. Under her sharp directions Jones reluctantly undid Wally's collar and tie; but when neither this nor the chafing of his hands produced in him the smallest sign of life Janet realised that he must indeed be dead and broke into gulping sobs of nervous shock.

Mr. Jones, who was himself feeling, as he afterwards expressed it, a bit jumpy, with difficulty restrained himself from swearing at her and tried, instead, to offer her such comfort as lay in repeated assurances that it was not her fault and she had done all that she could.

It seemed hours before White reappeared and was, in actual fact, some seven minutes later. Neither Janet nor Mr. Jones, though both now convinced that Wally was dead, had moved from the bridge, each feeling vaguely that to leave Wally's body would be a callous action; but when White came hurrying into sight Jones rose with a good deal of puffing and stepped forward to meet him.

"No use, old man. He's gone," he said for the third time that afternoon.

"What a ghastly thing!" muttered White, staring down at Wally. "I was afraid it was all up with him. But how——" He broke off with an oath; turning irritably to his daughter. "Oh, shut up, Janet! Stop that row!"

Janet tried ineffectively to muffle her sobs in her handkerchief. Mr. Jones laid a hand on White's arm, saying in a deep voice: "Steady on, old man! We stand in the presence of death, you know."

"Oh, don't give me any of that cant!" retorted White. "As though it wasn't enough for a thing like this to happen without your adding to it with the sort of talk that's enough to make a man sick!"

Mr. Jones looked very much shocked by this explosion of temper, but excused it on the grounds that his host was naturally a little upset.

Janet struggled to her feet and leaned for support on the rustic rail of the bridge.

"Did you manage to get hold of Dr. Hinchcliffe?" she asked between sniffs. "You were such ages!"

"Yes, of course I got hold of him and the police, too," said White savagely. "They'll all be here before we know where we are, so don't try to move the body!"

Janet emerged from her handkerchief to show a startled face.

"The police?" she stammered. "The police, Father?"

"Yes, the police," he said. "You don't suppose poor old Wally died a natural death, do you?"

"An accident! It must have been an accident!"

"Pretty lucky sort of accident that gets a man clean through the heart!" replied White with a short laugh.

"Come, come, Harold!" expostulated Jones uneasily. "You oughtn't to talk like that! After all, accidents do happen, you know."

"Yes, and one nearly happened to Wally yesterday from what I've been told!" said White.

"Oh, dear, dear!" exclaimed Mr. Jones in accents of profound distress. "I don't like getting mixed up in a case like this. A man in my position——"

"No, and I don't like it either, so we can cut that bit!" replied White. A strangled cry from his daughter made him turn his head, saying angrily: "Will you stop making a fool of yourself? Anyone would think——" He broke off, as the cause of this new disturbance became apparent to him. "Go on! Quick! Head her off!" he said.

It was, however, too late for Janet to obey this command. Vicky's borzoi had, an instant earlier, bounded up to the wicket-gate followed at a little distance by Vicky herself, wending her way along one of the narrow paths through the shrubbery.

"Hullo!" said that damsel. "What's all the noise about? Oh, Janet darling, was it you crying? Poor sweet, what's happened?"

Janet, who was really feeling extremely weak-limbed, stumbled towards the gate with her hands thrust out in a forbidding gesture. "Go back, Vicky! You mustn't come any nearer! Please go back!"

Vicky made no movement to retreat, but regarded Janet with bright-eyed interest.

"Why? Have you got smallpox or something?" she inquired.

"Blast the girl!" said White under his breath. "Well, she's got to know sooner or later, and at least she isn't his daughter. Look here, Vicky you run along up to the house and tell your mother that Wally's met with an accident!"

"Oh no, has he? What kind of an accident?"

"Oh, Vicky, I don't know how to tell you! We're afraid he's dead!" said Janet.

"Dead?" gasped Vicky. She looked from Janet's swollen face towards White, and then pushed Janet unceremoniously aside and saw Wally lying in the middle of the bridge with Mr. Jones' coat under his head and a red stain on his shirt.

She did not faint, and since she had decided after her lunch that she was tired of the Tennis Girl and had reverted to one of the Younger Set and had made up her face accordingly, she did not change color either. Instead she clutched at the top of the gate. "Oh, gosh!" she said in rather a breathless voice. "Someone's shot him! I heard it too!"

"You heard it? Did you see anyone?" asked White sharply.

"Oh, no, I thought it was someone potting rabbits!"

"Who, for instance? Got any idea who might have taken a gun out?"

"No, 'course not. I mean, I can't imagine, because everyone's out now I come to think of it. Oh, I say, have I got to tell Ermyntrude? I haven't ever broken news to anyone, and I quite definitely don't want to."

"It's your place to do it," said White. "Better go and get it over. There's nothing for you to do here, Janet, go up to the house and bring Hinchcliffe down here. I thought I heard a car just now."

"Oh, this is most frightfully disintegrating!" said Vicky, winking a sudden tear off the curling ends of her lashes. "Poor sweet, I always thought he was a complete bluffer and now I'm sorry!"

"Well!" said Mr. Jones, looking after her retiring form with some disapproval. "She took it pretty coolly, I must say!"

"No reason why she shouldn't" replied White shortly. "She's only his step-daughter. If you want hysterics hang around until his wife comes on the scene! She'll provide you with them—though if you ask me, she'd have been glad enough to have got rid of him any time these past two years!"

Vicky, speeding up the path to the house, reached the lawn where her hammock hung just as Hugh Deing came out of the drawing-room through the long, open windows.

"Hullo!" said Hugh, taking in her bell-bottomed slacks, saffron straw sandals, and vermilion toe-nails in one awe-stricken glance. "I called to see Mary. Your butler thought she might be in the garden. Is she?"

"Oh, I don't know, but I shouldn't think so, and anyway you can't start a necking-party now because it would be too utterly anachronous!" said Vicky distractedly.

"Thanks, but surprising though it may seem to you I hadn't come to start a necking-party, as you so prettily put it!" said Hugh, a somewhat frosty gleam lighting his eyes.

"Oh, well, I wouldn't know! The most disjointing thing has happened and it's made me cry slightly though why it should I can't imagine, because I'm not much given to weeping."

"That accounts for it then!" said Hugh, as one who was glad to have a mystery solved. "That filthy stuff you put on your eyelashes has run. The effect is even more peculiar than usual!"

Vicky stamped her foot.

"I now know that you're a beast and practically reeking of mothballs or whatever it is you put with blankets and winter coats and everything else that's completely musty." She gave a little choking sob.

Hugh raised a surprised eyebrow, and Vicky went on fiercely: "I suppose if you saw anyone stretched dead at your feet you wouldn't shed a tear, but would pass it off as a poor joke or something!"

"As I haven't yet seen anyone stretched dead at my feet I can't say," replied Hugh. "And what that has got to do with your having black smudges on your face, I fail to grasp."

"Well, that's exactly what I have seen!" said Vicky, trying to wipe away the smudges. "You can be jolly thankful it's only a little eye-shadow gone astray instead of me being sick in front of you, which, as a matter of fact, is a thing I might quite easily do, from the utterly eccentric feeling I've got in my tummy!"

Hugh stared at her suspiciously.

"Look here, are you putting on one of your acts?" he demanded. "If not, what are you talking about?"

Please turn to page 28

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Continuing . . . Chicago Stopover

from page 7

AFTER a moment, as Johnny remained silent, Lynn said, "Say something."

Johnny said, "You have interrupted a moment of silent prayer. I was praying that instead of being discharged, Charlie would receive orders shipping him to, let us say, Burma. I don't want anything bad to happen to him, you understand. I just want him to meet a Burmese girl and marry her. I even wish she's pretty."

Lynn gathered her purse. Johnny dropped bills on the waiter's tray and they went out to where Jug sat in the roadster waiting for them.

In front of the Medical School, Lynn shook hands with Jug and let Johnny walk across the sidewalk with her. There she stopped him and held out her hand.

"So long, soldier," she said. "I can't say it hasn't been charming. But the roller-coaster ride is over. Good-bye."

He said, "I'll drive you home after school."

"No," she said. "This really is the end. Good-bye."

He watched her go into the building. Then he went back to the car.

"Objective too tough!" Jug remarked. "Better pick another."

Johnny growled. "Give up to a sailor? On the only night I'm going to spend in Chicago? This is a democracy, or so I'm told, and I refuse to be discriminated against. So here's where I start improvising, and first I want a florist . . ."

At the florist's shop, Johnny sat writing assiduously while a grey-haired woman watched him with entranced eyes.

"Verses!" he said at length, handing her a bill and the paper he had written on. "A rose with each line. See that she gets a line and a rose every five minutes."

The woman simpered. "I wish you'd been around when I was a girl," and went to select roses.

Johnny went down the street to the telegraph office, where he composed a telegram. Jug read over his shoulder as he wrote:

It is just too ridiculous, Charlie, but I have broken out with, of all things, chicken pox to-night of all nights. Would have phoned but phone out of order. Hope you can dig up another girl. Will see you in ten days. Ever so sorry . . . Lynn.

He handed the telegram and a bill to the girl behind the counter. Jug hooted quietly. "You jerk! . . . The guy will grab the phone and call her. That out-of-order routine won't stop him."

Johnny took his change from the telegraph clerk and walked toward the telephone booth. His expression was bland. Scowlingly, Jug followed him into the telephone booth. Johnny looked up the number of Doctor Arthur Traylor and dialled.

He said, "Hello . . . Evanston 8989? . . . This is the Telephone Company repair department . . . We are checking a short circuit on your line . . . Would you please leave your receiver off the hook for exactly one hour? Thank you." He smiled at Jug. "I often," he said speculatively, "think Eisenhower made a mistake in not consulting me on basic strategy."

"I often," said Jug, "think I made a mistake in accepting our first introduction . . ."

Exactly five minutes after the last rose and its accompanying line had been delivered, Johnny rang Lynn's front doorbell. A tall, grey-haired man came to the door and looked Johnny up and down.

"I'm Johnny Farr," said Johnny, holding out his hand. "Are you Dr Traylor?"

The grey-haired man shook hands and regarded Johnny with a wry, speculative grin. "Would you be," he asked, "the same fellow who has been sending those roses and poetry every five minutes?"

Johnny grinned at him. He said, "You know how it is, sir."

"I'd forgotten," Dr. Traylor growled, "and I'm not sure I want to be reminded." He bellowed up the circular staircase: "Lynn! There's a lunatic here. I'm sure he wants to see you." Turning to Johnny he said, "Come on."

Passing through a hallway he stopped at a table where a phone with displaced receiver sat on a table. Dr. Traylor looked at his watch and replaced the receiver. Passing into the library behind the doctor, Johnny quietly removed the receiver again.

The doctor pointed to a comfortable leather chair. "Sit down," he said. "Just get back?"

Johnny told him and then Lynn came into the room in a gold dinner dress that was a fine contrast to her blue-black hair. Johnny stood and made his eyes bright.

"I have forgotten how it used to be," Dr. Traylor murmured.

Lynn waited until her father was out of the room, then said stormily, "You shouldn't have come." She sat down and glared; then the glare left her face and she said seriously, "Johnny, I don't know what to say to you . . . I'd be lying if I said I didn't like all this. The poetry and the roses and the extravagant things you say . . . But I just have to tell you. It can't come to anything."

"Even if the odds are a thousand to one," he said, "I'll still play out the string . . . Maybe the guy won't show. Then I'll have you this evening."

"But, Johnny, Charles is coming. He has no sense of humor but he does have a temper . . . And he was a heavyweight wrestling or boxing champion or something."

Rising, Johnny looked at her. "I can't imagine it," he said, "I can't imagine you being married to a guy with no sense of humor . . . Would that piano be in tune?"

"Look, Jella! For the last time: we'd like to be alone."

She sat while he played Lili Marlene and a nameless piece of French boogie. Then suddenly she darted out into the hall, and looked at the clock.

"It's nine o'clock." She came back to Johnny, a little breathless. "Nine o'clock! . . . I've been stood up."

"Thousand to one," he said. "They pay off sometimes. Now come along quickly. Jug will be quite tired of waiting for us."

They had dinner at Cooley's Cupboard and, half-way through it, Jug said: "Enemy sighted!"

He was looking over Johnny's shoulder. Johnny followed the line of vision to see a burly young man approaching. The young man was heavy-set and his shoulders were braced for battle. Johnny opined that this was Ensign just-discharged Charles Gannon.

Charles came to the table and looked at Lynn from beneath embattled brows. "Chicken pox," he growled. "Says she."

Lynn said, "Charles! . . . You stood me up. I waited until nine."

Charles fished in his hip pocket and handed her a telegram. She read the telegram and blinked. Then she turned to Johnny.

He bore her glance without discomfort. "Lynn," he said, "I had to try anything . . . Lying's the mildest thing I'd have done under the circumstances."

She said, "I forgive you, Johnny."

Charles had a bass voice. "I don't," he said. "Get up, guy. We're going out of here and down to the campus."

Johnny stood up. "Okay, sailor."

They went out to the street and walked down to the campus, Lynn trotting along beside them saying, "Please . . . please don't."

Charlie set his feet in the campus grass. Johnny took off his coat and stepped out to face the bigger man. Charlie threw a mighty overhand right across. Johnny went down and Lynn fell on her knees beside him.

"His eye is hurt," she said in an agitated voice. "Jug, get the car. He must have a doctor to attend to him. My father'll do it."

Charlie said, "Well, now, Lynn, all he got was what's coming to him. Sending phony telegrams and all that."

Lynn had Johnny's head in her lap. She looked up at Charles and said nothing. They heard the whine of the motor as Jug pulled the car up to the kerb . . .

Dr Traylor slapped a pad of bandage and a strip of adhesive tape across Johnny's eye and said: "Those stitches'll have to come out in a couple of days."

Mrs. Traylor, a stylish, slightly grey version of Lynn, looked anxiously from Johnny to Jug. "Why don't you boys stay the night?" she asked. "There's twin beds in the guest-room."

Charlie's face fell. He said: "They probably have to get down town. Lynn says they got an early train to catch."

Johnny said with sudden clarity, "I've got no trains to catch . . . thank you ever so much, Mrs. Traylor. Jug and I had figured to hunt for a place to shack up."

Mrs. Traylor patted his shoulder. "I'll not hear any more. You'll stay . . . Come along, boys." She started towards the stairs.

LYNN stood waiting in uneasy silence. Charlie said, "Lynn, walk out to the car with me." There was a perplexed suspicion in the way he looked at her, but his voice was gentle.

She said, "Why, certainly . . ."

On the kerb beside his car, Charlie came to a halt.

"Lynn, let's get down to bedrock," he said. "I'm out of the Navy now, so let's get married right away."

Her clear voice surprised her. "I'm sorry, Charlie," she said. "No."

He looked at her, his head nodding as if he had just had a suspicion confirmed. He said, "Lynn, you're in love with that guy."

"Yes," she said, "I am!"

As she walked back to the house a few minutes later, Johnny emerged from the shadows of a poplar.

He said, "I guess we don't need words," and took her into his arms. What brought them out of the kiss was Jug's voice.

"At ease," Jug said.

They turned to look at him and Johnny said, "You should be getting your sleep."

Jug ignored him. He stepped across the path, close to Lynn, and looked straight into her eyes.

"Don't you see," he said, and his voice was pleading, "It's all a racket, a gag. Letting himself get hit in the eye like that . . . Lynn, do you think that clown could belt out a combat infantryman with that kind of a clumsy punch? Johnny took it, and he figured it right. He wound up on the ground, but his head was in your lap."

He peered at her and muttered, "She thinks that's good. It's not good, Lynn. It's phony like all those other things. Putting the money in your purse; you think you're the first girl got a kick out of that? You should talk to girls in Frisco and Folkestone and Brussels. Sometimes it's his wrist-watch or a ring and sometimes it's money. The telegram-and-roses gag was new. The guy's inventive."

She said gently: "Through, Jug?"

He shook his head, looked at her for a long moment, and said, "I can see I'm wasting my time. Well, I tried. So long, Lynn."

She put out her hands suddenly and took hold of his shoulders. "Jug," she said, "I love you." She kissed him gently on the cheek. "Jug, I wouldn't split you boys for anything. I'm not going to take him away from you. It's just that from now on there'll be three of us instead of two."

Jug's mouth opened and closed without words. He regarded her a moment, then he turned and walked back to the house.

Lynn turned to Johnny, and suddenly she was frowning. "Johnny," she said, "what's the matter?"

"Just this," Johnny said clearly "the guy was telling gospel truth . . . I was just trying out my style. Technique, you might say."

She said, "Then it was all just . . . just going through the motions?"

"That's right," Johnny said in a bleak voice.

Her voice was low. "Then why tell me now, Johnny . . . ? You didn't have to tell me. You'd won. I believed you. Every word. In spite of Jug. . . Why tell me now?"

He said unhappily, "If I told you that you wouldn't believe me. It's kind of hard to explain. . . . I don't know how to say it exactly."

She said, "Why not say it without trying to dress it up?"

He said, "For once I will. I was making motions, up to a point, and then I fell in love. . . . Does that sound phony?"

"Yes," said Lynn dreamily, "Phony, but wonderful."

His voice held astonishment. "You believe me?"

"Yes," she said, "I believe you."

He stepped toward her suddenly and then stopped. His poise was gone and his voice cracked. "We can't do this, Lynn . . . we just can't. It isn't fair to you. Why, I don't know what is going to happen to me. I've got no future to offer you."

She said, "Nobody has a future. We'll just have to make one."

Jug came down the path and would have passed them without looking at them. Johnny's voice stopped him. "Hey!" he said.

Jug turned and Lynn said, "Des Moines in the morning, soldier. Three tickets."

"Fine," said Jug. "Fine."

(Copyright)

No Wind of Blame

Continued from page 26

VICKY gave another hysterical sob, exclaiming, "You are an idiot or you'd see I haven't had time to think up an act! It's caught me absolutely unawares and I almost wish it hadn't happened, in spite of its probably being a blessing in disguise once we've got used to the idea."

Hugh grasped her by the shoulders and shook her. "Stop talking in cypher and pull yourself together! What's happened?"

"Someone's shot Wally right through the chest!" said Vicky. "On the bridge, and Janet shedding the most apocryphal tears, and a man in shirt sleeves, and Harold White telling me to break the news to Ermyntrude!"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Hugh. "Here, I say, don't throw a fit of hysterics, for the love of Pete! Is he dead?"

"Oh, he looked totally dead!" shuddered Vicky.

The same thought which Harold White had given utterance to, that Wally had very nearly been shot the day before, slid into Hugh's mind. He did not, however, speak of it, but turned his attention to the present task of soothing Vicky. She showed every sign of nervous collapse, and it was with a feeling of relief that he saw Mary come out of the house towards them.

"Thank goodness you've come," he said, thrusting Vicky into her arms. "Look after this wretched wench, will you? There seems to have been some kind of an accident. In fact, your cousin's been shot. I'm going to find out what it's all about."

He did not wait to observe the effect on Mary of this baldly delivered piece of news, but hurried off towards the path that wound down through the shrubbery to the bridge across the stream.

By the time he arrived on the scene of the accident Dr. Hinchcliffe, a bloodless-looking man some years older than his partner, Maurice Chester, had risen from his knees beside Wally's body and had stated that there was nothing to be done and that Wally had probably been killed instantly.

Samuel Jones, still in his pink-colored shirt sleeves, was trying to explain to him, firstly how he himself came to be present, and secondly what he had been doing at the moment when the shot was heard. Harold White was standing beside Wally's body listening, with a sardonic expression on his face, to his friend's volubility.

In the background hovered Janet, alternately sniffing and blowing her nose.

Dr. Hinchcliffe gave the impression of a man who disliked being called out on a Sunday afternoon, and, further, found such violent forms of death distasteful. He cut short Jones' explanation by saying testily: "Yes, yes, my dear sir, but all that is a matter for the police, not for me!"

He turned a cold grey eye upon White and added: "The police must be notified immediately. If you have not already done so, I will."

"I notified them as soon as I'd got hold of you," replied White. He caught sight of Hugh and stared at him for a moment. "What do you want?" he demanded. "Oh! Dering, isn't it?"

"Yes, I'm Hugh Dering. I met Miss Fanshawe a few minutes ago, and, frankly, what she told me sounded so incredible that I came along to find out just what had been happening." His gaze flickered to Wally's body. "Apparently," he said, with the lightness of tone a man assumes when confronted by the macabre, "her story was correct."

"Wally Carter's been shot," said White innecessarily.

"So I see. Do you happen to know how, or by whom?"

"No. I don't. And, since you seem to like questions, where, may I ask, did you spring from?"

"I," said Hugh, quite pleasantly, but with a certain hardening of the jaw, "sprang from the drawing-room at Greystanes."

"If you're Mr. Dering," said Jones, "you're staying at the Manor. Had you been at Greystanes long?"

"No," Hugh responded. "I'd only just arrived there. Why?"

"Only that it struck me suddenly that you must have passed close by here on your way from the Manor," explained Jones. "What I mean is, you might have seen someone sneaking out of this blooming shrubbery on to the road."

"Sorry," said Hugh. "I didn't."

"Such questions, Mr.—er—Jones," interposed the doctor, with an air of disgust, "would be better left to the police." He nodded at Hugh. "Good afternoon, Dering. Didn't know you were at home."

"Just on a visit," said Hugh. "Nasty business, this."

"Quite shocking," replied the doctor repressively. "Such a thing has never happened in all the years I have been in practice here. Not a patient of mine, I'm glad to say."

"Well, I think I'll get back to the house," said Hugh, unwilling to appear like an onlooker at a street accident. "You don't want outsiders hanging about."

"Hold on a bit!" said White. "You were one of that shooting-party yesterday, weren't you?"

"I was; yes. What's that got to do with it?"

"Only that I heard through the head gamekeeper that there was a funny sort of an accident in the morning. It seems to me the police will want to know a bit more about that, and, as you were present, you'll be able to tell them."

"I should doubt whether that episode had the slightest bearing on the case," Hugh answered. "As far as I could make out—but I wasn't near enough to give any sort of an opinion—no one was to blame but Mr. Carter himself."

"Remember that we are speaking of the dead!" begged Mr. Jones.

Hugh was prevented from uttering the retort that sprang to his lips by Janet's exclaiming suddenly that she heard a car. Her father at once hurried up the slope to the house, and Hugh, thinking that a retreat now was presenting an odd appearance, remained to see what was going to happen next.

In a minute or two, White came back again, followed by a police inspector from Fritton, and several attendant satellites.

To be continued

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IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice.

● There are no golden rules for choosing a life-partner. Some girls demand a strength and stability that can only be given by a man some years their senior. Others are happy in the close companionship of someone nearer their own age.

But a great many are intimidated by a difference of years, a factor—provided the difference is not an excessive one—I think considerably less important than those of character and disposition.

IN answering the letter I am dealing with first this week I have attempted to show that there just aren't any hard-and-fast rules, because no two people are exactly alike.

"I WONDER if you would tell me what you think of the chance of a marriage succeeding when the man is 14 years older than the girl? Do you think a man that much older would be too settled and unadaptable?"

I am afraid that neither I nor anyone else can give a definite answer to your question. What is right for one person is not necessarily right for another.

The whole thing is a matter of temperament, individual need, and compatibility. There appears to be no higher rate of unhappy marriages between people of unequal age than between those of similar years.

The chief bogy in the minds of those contemplating marriage with a man some years their senior appears to be the fear that their husband will become old and perhaps cantankerous when they themselves are still of an age to enjoy life.

In the case of, let us say, 20 years' difference in age, this aspect should be given serious consideration. But, generally speaking, I should say that a difference of 14 years is not too great.

Provided there is deep affection, I can see no reason why a disparity of ages should detract from the chances of lasting happiness.

* * *

"THOUGH a man asked me to marry him a year ago, and has been talking about it ever since, whenever I mention becoming engaged he makes some excuse — usually that he can't afford a ring. He has a good job, and seems to be able to buy everything else he wants."

When you agreed to marry this man you became unofficially engaged to him. I think your best plan is to give him an opportunity to tell you if his feelings have changed by saying that you want to announce the engagement, otherwise you will feel no longer bound by the understanding.

* * *

"NOW past my first youth, I have managed to acquire a few women friends, but have never had a man friend. Could you tell me what steps a woman may take without loss of self-respect in cultivating the acquaintance of a man in whom she is interested, and who seems disposed to be friendly?"

Unfortunately, convention demands that advances of friendship come from the man. Apart from being pleasant whenever you meet, I am afraid there is not a great deal you can do. However, if you have any friends in common, you might be able tactfully to ask them to arrange a meeting.

* * *

"THE offer of a very good job in the city has been made to me. I am a young married woman with a baby, but my husband is not very kind, and I am losing interest in my home and marriage. Do you think it would help if I were to go away for a little while?"

Frankly, I do not. Married women cannot leave their home, with vague promises of returning to it when they feel inclined. Besides, you are no longer a free agent. You have one very great responsibility, and that is to your child.

I am the last person to condemn a young woman to a life of married misery, but strongly advise you and your husband to try to make something of your life together. If all efforts fail, then is the time to consider what you should do.

* * *

"THE boy with whom I used to go out has been making a nuisance of himself lately. I gave him up because I found out he drank. My parents don't know I used to see him."

The correct person to turn to when a girl is receiving unwelcome attentions is her father. My advice to you is to confide in your parents. Your father is the proper person to protect you. If this boy is really behaving badly, your father can ask the police to restrain him.

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen-friendships may not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4698WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

She will deal with letters only and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"ALTHOUGH he maintains that he loves me, and sees me during every week-end, as well as taking me out on week-nights, the man I am in love with keeps up a correspondence with a married woman who is about to obtain her divorce. She signs her letters 'With lots of love,' and asks him to write more often."

Perhaps it is you he really loves, but at the same time is interested in your married rival. Obviously the position is completely unsatisfactory to you. Now is the time for this young man to decide whom he really wants. If he is sincere in his affection for you, he will drop this correspondence.

* * *

"MY daughter has been asked to marry a man who is reputed to be already married. He does not come from this town, and nobody can say for sure whom he is supposed to have married or when. He persists in maintaining that he's single. I know my daughter's affections are deeply involved, and I am terribly distressed."

In certain cases the Registrar-General will order a search of records to be made, but before doing so must be fully and satisfactorily convinced of the need. The charge varies according to the time involved. Apart from this there is literally no reliable way of finding out if a person has been married.

"MY daughter has recently become engaged. I have only met her fiance's people once, and then informally, and am anxious to get to know them better. Is there any ruling as to who should make the first advances?"

Strictly speaking, when the engagement is announced, the parents of the future bridegroom should welcome the girl into the family by calling on her parents. But in these days of greater informality, I think it would be friendly and quite correct of you to invite the parents of the young man to your home without waiting for them to make the first move.

* * *

"I HAVE been engaged in a bantering correspondence with a boy I have talked to over the phone, but have never met. Now, because he hasn't written I am afraid he must have thought I took it all seriously. Is there any way in which I can clear the matter up?"

Personally, I think this bantering tone in correspondence is a dangerous one. You can be reasonably certain of someone you know very well reading into your letter exactly what you mean, and no more. But with a comparative stranger there is always the danger of being misunderstood. If you receive another letter, answer it in the normal manner in which you write to any of your other friends.

You'll be SKY-HIGH next washday when you see that PERSIL DAZZLE!

It's Persil's oxygen that puts the PERSIL DAZZLE in all your wash

Pop's up in the air

about his Persil dazzle shirt. No wonder old Mr. Dirty-White has to take a back seat! Persil's oxygen-charged suds make whites clean 'n' sweet 'n' lily white — the whitest white of all. That's because they shift the dirt — not some of it . . . not most of it . . . but ALL of it.

It's Mum's idea of Heaven

the way Persil puts paid to "washday wearies." Coloured blouses, dresses, shirts and 'jamas, wash up slicker than a whistle, their colours gay as a clown. Laughs Mum, "I love my hubby — but, Oh, you Persil Dazzle!"

Baby Betty's no Angel...

. . . but Mummy keeps her looking like one with Persil Dazzle. Grubby little playsuits and panties, bibs and bonnets stay new as nylons. Persil gives the brightest wash because it washes cleanest.

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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Do you get that "HEAVY-WEIGHT" *feeling?*

Anacin brings fast, safe relief from fatigue headaches

Do you get the feeling as if a heavy weight is pressing down on your head? That's a sure sign of a fatigue headache. Just two Anacin tablets will bring fast, sure relief from these fatigue headaches.

AMAZING SPEED! Anacin tablets work at an amazing speed. Every tablet is a combination of four medically-proven agents. *Four* ingredients—that's one more than any other anti-pain remedy. And, it's the action of this *extra* ingredient that makes Anacin's relief so much swifter.

Because they work so fast, *two* Anacin tablets will frequently do the work of much larger doses of ordinary anti-pain powders and tablets. So — Anacin is cheaper in the long run, as well as being more effective for *all* headaches.

Change now to Anacin!

If you have been using the same headache remedy over a long period of time, then for *faster* relief doctors advise a change. Change to Anacin. Sold at all chemists. Packets of 12, tins of 30, bottles of 50 and 100.

ANACIN

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Two bring fast relief

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Patient's story of fenestration operation

Hearing restored by brilliant surgery of Sydney doctor

By C. R. DARTON, who had a fenestration operation performed without leaving Australia.

It is difficult for me to fix even an approximate time when my deafness commenced—it must have been some time in 1930—but the onset was slow.

For 17 years I became increasingly "hard of hearing" but not, I hope, "hard to get on with."

FENESTRATION is the recently developed operation for restoring hearing to the partly deaf. This article gives the personal experience of Mr. C. R. Darton, of Rose Bay, N.S.W. Writing as a layman, the author endeavors to clarify public knowledge of the operation, and to correct some misconceptions. A doctor has read this article and approved it.

SOCIALLY and in business, I tried to keep up appearances; I refused to lose my grip, and succeeded so well in my bluffing that few suspected the degree of deafness that I suffered.

The truth was that I caught only fragments of sentences—often only syllables—and by coupling these with self-taught lip-reading I got by. But very often I found the pace of general conversation quite beyond me and would withdraw into a pained silence, while my face assumed the expression of a dim-wit. People thought I was just bored, and quite naturally were offended.

When I proposed to venture the new operation—fenestration—many friends were surprised. Surely my trouble was not serious enough to warrant the risks involved in an apparently unproved remedy?

Well—I thought nothing of the risks—only of success! I first read of the operation while with the Army at Morotai. I read the magazine article carefully, checked over mentally on my own symptoms, cut out the precious pages, and sent them home with the attached note:

"Hang on to this; I'm going to find a specialist in Sydney who will do this for me when I come home!"

With that degree of determination reached, months before, how could friends hope to dissuade me, once I learned the name of a certain ear, nose, and throat specialist just returning to Australia after months of study in America?

On December 12th last, a few days after the specialist's resumption of practice, I had my first appointment with him. The tests and examinations he then made, and those further audiometer tests, made a week later, were exhaustive and meticulous.

Fenestration is remarkable for its precision and for surgical difficulties so neatly overcome. Its restoration of hearing to the "deafened" is equally wonderful. But others have written, in Australian and American journals, of these marvels; my purpose is rather **to make known the limitations** of fenestration.

As soon as I announced my intention to undergo the operation, I was besieged by inquiring acquaintances, themselves deaf, or with deaf friends. Not one of the inquirers knew exactly what the operation did, nor to what type of deafness it was suited.

Please note—I said **TYPE** of deafness! Fenestration (from Latin—fenestra, a window) describes the operation whereby a new, freely vibrating window is made to replace loss of a natural window in the bony structure of the inner ear.

The new window is made necessary because the natural one has become occluded, or covered by an abnormal growth of bone.

Deafness resulting from such a bone-covered inner window (together with its attached "stapes," or stirrup-bone) is known as otosclerosis—and this is the only hearing disease which can benefit from fenestration.

Technique restores almost normal hearing to many sufferers from otosclerosis, and no deterioration is observed, as yet, in cases dating from four or more years back.

I am the first person to be treated here in Australia by a doctor who trained overseas, and operations he performed, subsequent to my own, show all signs of success.

The clinical and audiometric tests made upon me in December, together with a family history of deafness, established me as a likely subject for operation. I had a hearing loss of about 40 per cent., and I was told that the cause was almost certainly otosclerosis.

I was also told that my chances of success were "about 70 per cent.," but there could be no guarantee given. I should have to accept the odds, with the knowledge that, one ear only being treated, I should be able, at worst, to use a hearing-aid.

Please note—no guarantees!

Such careful tests and the reservations made upon success are necessary. Otosclerosis is the prime cause of not more than 15 per cent. of all cases of partial deafness. Of these, perhaps half have a further disease which contra-indicates operation.

The remaining 7½ per cent. (my figures are somewhat guesswork!) may be said to be operable, but not to be guaranteed success.

PARTIALLY deafened people must also bear the strain of intense concentration in struggle to hear.

Dr. Lempert, under whom my doctor studied, developed fenestration from a promising experiment to a surgical achievement by inserting a tiny piece of cartilage in the newly cut window in the inner ear.

Science doesn't yet know why bone-forming processes run riot in some unlucky people, covering the inner-ear parts with the unwanted bone of otosclerosis. This sclerotic (hardening) growth prevents the free conducting of sound-impulse from the outer ear-drum, through the linking bones, to the fluid in the inner-ear cavity.

Lacking activation from the outer apparatus, the fluid cannot transmit sound to the auditory (hearing) nerves, and the nerves, however active and undiseased they may be, are, therefore, "deaf."

Fenestration provides a new, freely vibrating window which gives a full impulse to the fluid, and thence to the auditory nerves—and, the nerves being undiseased, one hears again.

Dr. Lempert's insertion of cartilage in the newly bored window is to retard—ideally, to prevent—fresh bone growth.

And that explains the lack of guarantee to even the most apparently suitable cases. A surgeon may perform a perfect technical operation, yet restoration of hearing be only temporary, because of a recurrence of abnormal bone growth.

I cannot too strongly stress the danger of self-diagnosis, or of acceptance of the opinions of untrained persons. You might thus be dissuaded from seeking advice of highly trained ear, nose, and throat specialists, who can give you competent advice.

Suppose you have passed all the rigorous tests, and are an approved subject for fenestration. You will find that waiting lists are long. "My doctor" (he will forgive the possessive since I may not name him here) has a schedule of one case weekly, with periods of after-care in his surgery of a month or two after leaving hospital.

I was walking, quite unaided, on the fourth day after the operation. I had intermittent spells of giddiness, due to the disturbance of the inner-ear fluid which helps to give a sense of balance.

Walking was something of an adventure, for I wobbled around with a poor sense of direction, and a distinct impression that I was leaning heavily to one side, though actually standing quite upright.

The first change of "dressing" on my fifth day gave me a brief two minutes of pain, something like a tooth-extraction. And that was all.

After recovering consciousness, the day following the operation. I made no effort to hear, for I was firmly padded and bandaged, and reason told me I should hear nothing anyway.

I was quietly confident I'd hear in due course, but was not looking for miracles. Relatives, visitors, and hospital staff seemed more concerned than I.

It came as a distinct surprise (and a full-sized thrill!) when, on the tenth day, I got out of bed, put on slippers, and heard my heels clicking loudly as I walked.

I walked out to the verandah—and stood spellbound, listening to the complete love-song of a pair of doves in a tree 30 yards away!

And all this with cotton-wool in my ear.

People with good hearing laugh at me for being so pleased with a silly thing like that. I'm getting used, now, to raising a chuckle when I comment on so-called "everyday" sounds unheard because unwanted by normal persons, but heard and fully appreciated by my fortunate self.

Everyday sounds! General conversation, amongst a half-dozen people, in a large room; a two-way chat from room to room (I can do that, even with the door closed between!); very quiet speech from a person with head turned directly away; all these are everyday sounds—but not to the deafened!

Yet I can now hear them, practically as normal—although I'm a little puzzled to locate the source of sound at times, due to having only one "new" ear.

Perhaps mine is an exceptional case. Audiometer tests seem to rate my degree of recovery as not less complete than some of the "show" cases in America—or so I conclude from graphs I have chanced to see.

I not only hear, but I feel wonderfully well. I am now quite free of that constant strain of concentration—of that task of the deafened which never ends; which makes a normally placid, friendly person into a petulant, morose, moody, and downright cranky one.

And, of course, I hear all the overburden of racket which worries people with normal hearing. It worries me, too, until I put a piece of cotton-wool in my "new" ear, and go back for a while to comfortable near-deafness.

I used to believe I realised just what a lot I was missing; now I know that I did not. I'd forgotten so many pleasant things that are there for the hearing.

When I made the car trip from the hospital to my home at Rose Bay I found the city's traffic noises quite unbearable. My nerves were shot to pieces, and I had to rest for a couple of days to get over it.

My operation was in mid-January. I have been back at my business for some weeks now, and feel only occasional distress, chiefly due to the loss-of-balance effects.

I have to take care not to over-exert myself, nor bend down too smartly. And that is the limit of my troubles at present.

I am not yet completely assured that my hearing is permanently restored. Some months must pass before we can say with certainty that there is to be no bone growth over the new aperture; but at middle-age I am less likely to grow bone than a younger person.

Clever Molly... her last year's undies still have that NEW LOOK... that LUX LOOK!

Woollies stay new-looking far longer with gentle Lux care!

Swansdown couldn't be softer than Lux-washed woollen undies. That's because gentle Lux care keeps them like new—not a sign of matting or shrinking. Don't risk ruining woollies by careless washing with strong soaps or harsh methods like bar soap rubbing. Lux care keeps woollies fresh and shapely — with that lovely new look, that LUX LOOK.

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HE DANCES LEGENDS OF ANCIENT INDIA

ANGER expressed by Shivaram to reject Temptress in a religious drama.

GRIEF interpreted by quivering mouth muscles, clasping and unclasping hands.

FEAR. Rolling eyes and trembling hands portray this emotion in Indian's dance.

DISGUST registered by curled lips, dilated nostrils, furrowed brows. Shivaram practises four hours a day.

IN YOGI posture, dressed in hermit's garb, with sacred beads and penance marks on chest, arms. Pictures by staff photographer Alan Pout.

INDIAN always prepares own make-up by grinding colored stones into powder, mixing with coconut oil.

EXPRESSIVE hands of the lithe young Indian, who wears his hair shoulder length, has wide, happy grin.

SHIVARAM'S adaptation of ancient Kathakali dance of peacock watching rain-clouds for welcome monsoons.

● *Traditional Indian dance-actor 26-year-old Shivaram opened his Australian season in Melbourne last week, will give recitals in all States. Dancing since age of six, Shivaram in his miming uses facial movements based on eight emotions and about 800 gestures based on 24 hand positions.*

Vividness of facial expression is emphasised by peculiar make-up. A tiny seed is inserted in eye to color eye-ball pink against green face, with strongly marked black lotus-shaped brows and lashes.

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INNOCENTS AFLOAT

By ELIZABETH GILBERT

The Tuppers take to the water— after deciding to try a short cut home . . .

THE day the Tuppers took to the water is a day the fishermen and residents of Little Sandy Bay will long remember.

In the years to come they will gather their grandchildren about their knees and, with hoary-handed gestures and with toothless consonants, they will describe the events that took place on that certain sunny day in late summer.

We Tuppers by nature were not addicted to the breeze-in-the-hair and sand-in-the-sandwich sentiments that average Australians are supposed to harbor in their bosoms.

I enjoyed my Wednesday afternoon bridge with the ladies' committee, and Mr. Tupper delighted in his Friday night with the boys.

But, when the Frasers offered us their little 14ft. skiff for the day, Mr. Tupper recalled that he had been quite a sea dog in his youth, and I remembered a day in the open air does wonders for the ozone-starved pores.

When Sunday dawned, little wavelets danced the light fantastic, a gentle breeze coyly eddied about my brief, pleated shorts, especially brought for the occasion, while on the water the Shirley waltzed round her anchorage.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" boomed Mr. Tupper, taking deep breaths, and trying a few cautious knee-bends, while I made murmuring noises and wondered if I'd remembered to put the thermos in the luncheon basket.

Mr. Tupper knew enough about sailing to tell a jib from a mainsail, and could recognise a boom with his eyes shut and one hand tied behind his back, but when it came to halyards, scuppers, and bumkins, his nautical education drifted into Stygian fog.

Actually, the Tuppers would still be standing on the pier of Little Sandy Bay with puzzled expressions on our faces, if it had not been for the Kindly Characters in oil-stained khaki shorts hitched up under their paunches, a three-days' beard, and a strong smell of prawns about them.

In no time the Kindly Characters had rigged the Shirley, stowed us aboard, and set us off with a rollicking farewell that left me feeling saltily emotional and inclined to hum "Sons of the Sea" with patriotic fervor.

How the gods must have giggled.

We met our first disaster when the mainsail fell down. One minute it was an ordinary well-mannered sail, straining against the wind, and the next moment there was a slithering sound and a crash.

The boom missed Mr. Tupper by inches and enveloped me in a flurry of canvas, so that as I fought my way desperately to the surface I was in time to receive the full impact of Mr. Tupper's right knee as he clawed his way to the front of the boat.

"I think we ought to go back," I said when I had recovered. I was inclined to get easily unnerved at a crisis, and at such moments had a feeling I had left the gas on under the kettle, or had forgotten to defrost the refrigerator.

"Nonsense," replied Mr. Tupper, with false heartiness. "These little things often happen. The knot only slipped. She'll be safe enough now."

With the sail in its rightful position, the Shirley dipped over the waves, and soon the Tuppers were sitting comfortably back, nonchalantly sprinkling their conversation with lavish references to "port," "starboard," and "luffing," etc.

Consequently it was some time before I was aware that the large red apple from the luncheon basket was nudging my leg as it bobbed on the waves lapping at my pleated shorts.

It was obvious that the Shirley was not as watertight as the Frasers had led us to believe.

"Seems to be shipping a bit of water," observed Mr. Tupper, viewing the rising tide with a Canute-like eye. "Better do some bailing, dear."

It is always at times like these I wish I had married the man who was earning five thousand a year now, or Reginald Something-Jones, who owned a cattle station.

Actually, bailing is not an unpleasant pastime if viewed from the right angle. There's something soothing and soporific in the rhythmical motion. Dip into the water with the bailer. Swish as the arm completing the arc suspends itself over the side of the boat. Splash as the contents of the bailer contact the sea. Dip. Swish. Splash. Dip. Swish. Splash. I dreamed on . . .

In my imagination I was adrift in a lifeboat, surrounded by weak, starving bodies, courageously bailing to keep the little boat from sinking. Half delirious, I lift my eyes to the horizon. A wisp of smoke! A ship. A ship!

Completely carried away I flung out my arms.

The bailer spun out of my hands, executed a pirouette, and sank with a low gurgle into the waves. I watched its descent till only a few air bubbles remained to mark its passing. The water inched itself up round my shorts again.

Just then the sprightly breeze decided it had played with us long enough, and whirled itself into a roaring gale.

The Shirley careered undecidedly in its course, and then, like a homing pigeon, made straight for some really evil rocks.

"Down canvas," bawled Mr. Tupper. He felt that Sails That Fell Down, Dippers That Threw Themselves Into the Water, Boats That Leaked at a Drop of a Hat and Suicided at the Approach of the Nearest Rocks were all too much for one male to bear. He grovelled in the bottom of the boat for the pair of oars.

From then on the whole thing verged into a nightmare.

I was absolutely sure about the gas and/or the refrigerator. If possible I would have uncorked the boat and swum home.

Mr. Tupper was in harmony with me, and as well he was slowly turning purple with the exertion of working two oars against a brick wall of waves and wind. Between them and the sanctuary of the boatshed lay the pier.

In the years to come the rosy-cheeked grandchildren will gather even closer to the knees of the story-teller.

"What did they do then, Grandpa?" they will lisp in childish accents.

"Well," the aged ones will quaver, "they decided to take a short cut."

"What happened then, Grandpa?" the children will repeat, their voices like tinkling bells.

"Dear children," the octogenarians will burble, dribbling into their bread-and-milk. "We leave it to your imagination.

"What happens when someone tries to row a boat with a very tall mast under a very small pier?"

Humphrey Bogart aspires for title of "Icecream King"

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

WITH an eye to the future, many movie stars are investing money made from films in more tangible assets such as manufacturing concerns, restaurants, and ranches.

Latest group getting together at lunch in Warners' Green Room to discuss their plans were Alexis Smith, Andrea King, Robert Alda, and Humphrey Bogart.

Alexis and husband have bought an interest in a food packing concern and plastics factory. Andrea has large shares in a roasted nut factory, and Robert Alda is mulling over designs for acquiring a chain of restaurants.

Rattling Bogart isn't to be outdone in financial schemes. He has just become part owner of an ice-cream factory.

* * *

JANIS CARTER was the fashion note of the week when she reported to Columbia for glamor stills. Her grey-blue raw silk suit was set off with a saucy sky-blue sailor hat the band trimmed with a tiny cage containing two lovebirds—the gift of her San Francisco fan club.

* * *

EDMOND O'BRIEN admits he is the world's worst correspondent. While in the Army Edward's fan mail piled up, and the actor is still wading through answers one year later. He is answering 21,000 letters and hopes to finish the job before Christmas.

PETITE Joan Lorring is shopping for small luxury items to take to her father and family in Hongkong next month, when she will pay a visit to her parent, from whom she has been parted for three years.

The elder Lorring was an importer who was a Jap prisoner for some time.

* * *

IDA LUPINO admits she is not stagestruck, but seastruck. She has sold her small craft and wants a bigger yacht for a long-planned cruise of South America.

JOHN GARFIELD intends to live permanently in New York, and is moving his family into a home there. He says he will return to Hollywood solely for films. Gene Tierney is doing likewise, which is leading to speculation that New York and Connecticut are likely to be the next general retreats for movie stars.

Stars owning Connecticut farmhouses include Claude Rains, Katharine Hepburn, Dana Andrews, Joan Crawford, and Bette Davis.

* * *

OTTO KRUGER is a beaming papa now that his daughter, Ottilie, aged 19, has been signed for a Broadway play, "Meet Miss April." Producer Otto Harbach says: "She is the first girl I have seen who is equipped to fill the vacancy left by Marilyn Miller on Broadway." Ottilie is an expert singer and dancer.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

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Bob Mitchum prides himself on being different

By cable from our correspondent in Hollywood

The tall young man who caused such a sensation with his performance as the outspoken, individualistic marine in "Till The End of Time" with Dorothy Maguire is now well on the way to stardom.

Success has come to Robert Mitchum with his latest RKO release, "The Locket," in which he co-stars with Laraine Day and Brian Aherne, but the six-foot-one, tousle-headed star is still just as outspoken and individualistic, and is determined to stay that way.

IT wasn't so long ago that Mitchum came through New York riding in a box car, hungry, cold, and with no clothes except the baggy suit he was wearing, and he still doesn't believe his luck.

"If they paid me what I was worth," he says, "I'd still be starving."

But the thousands of moviegoers who raved about his acting as Lieut. Walker in "The Story of G.I. Joe," and insisted on seeing the film again, recognised the fact that Mitchum was somehow unique.

Friends insist that he doesn't really act as much as propel his own personality into the part he is playing. There is a nonchalance in his broad shoulders, an independence in his bearing, and a hint of impudence to his look that suggests potential dynamite.

Add to that a naturalness that makes one feel he really is the character he is portraying, and you have the reasons why Robert Mitchum burst into stardom like the blare of a brass band in the market place.

Robert's family was very poor when he was a youngster, and his individualism was partly born from that. While other boys were out in the streets playing Cowboys and Indians, he was publishing a little neighborhood newspaper and making up plays with his sister.

Young Mitchum floated round in a wide assortment of jobs.

He was bus boy in the Hotel Astor, New York, from which he stole six frankfurters and a quart of walnut meats for the family's Christmas dinner, a bartender, a prize-fighter, a bouncer for a nightclub, an adagio dancer, a truck driver, a promoter for an astrologer, and a joke writer for nightclub entertainers. Rarely was there anything permanent or good.

At his mother's insistence, he started to attend Duke University, North Carolina, to gain further education, and during this period he met his wife-to-be, Dorothy.

After their marriage the pair went to California, where several other jobs followed. Then he ran into the agent who had booked one of his juvenile acts, and soon after he joined the film colony as the villain in the Hopalong Cassidy series.

The break into movies wasn't easy. Robert couldn't lose his independence even under duress. The first time he went to a producer's office to seek casting, he was broke, his clothes were ragged. The producer asked him to turn his head so that he could see his profile.

"Your nose has a permanent wave. It looks broken," the producer commented.

"It is," said Mitchum, brusquely, piqued at the remark.

"And your hair sticks up like a weed patch. Your eyes are too little. Your ears are too wide. Frankly, you look terrible."

Robert stood up and reached for the producer's shirtfront. "Oh yeah? Well, my fat friend, did you ever take a gander at that pan of yours? Better take a good look, because I'm going to change it for you."

He was thrown out before he could do any damage.

That serious countenance, which seems to challenge the world, almost got him into trouble during his first picture, in which William Boyd starred as Hopalong Cassidy.

Robert was trying desperately hard to please, but things had gone wrong. It had been assumed he could ride a horse, but the first he mounted threw him four times before it was replaced by a gentler animal. Later in the picture he had to annoy Boyd at the bar.

When the scene ended Boyd said to the director: "That new guy makes me plenty sore the way he acts. In that last scene I darn near slugged him."

"It's a good thing you didn't," the director said. "I was watching him, and he was just about to slug you first."

When Robert was told about the incident he apologised, and explained that he must have been trying too hard. They became firm friends, and he learned much about acting from Boyd through the eight films they did together.

After four non-Westerns, Mitchum was brought to the RKO set on a long-term contract, and since "The Locket" he has already made another film, "Out of the Past," for RKO.

He remains an ardent champion of individual rights. He argues with directors or assistants who shove extras around. When anyone remonstrates with him he says: "I'm not afraid of my job. What can they do, shoot me?"

Stage crews and cast love to work with him. He has no temperament, and no demands for fat, starring roles, best lighting, or any breaks. All that he asks is that the part he is playing must be believable.

And in spite of his rough and tough appearance, he is at heart a family man. He dislikes Hollywood nightspots, and prefers staying home and playing with his two sons, Jimmy Robin, aged 6, who looks just like Daddy, and Chris, aged 31.

Apart from home life, his favorite recreations are chess and long, solitary walks through the country.

Distrustful of success, Mitchum has a morbid fear of "going Hollywood," and goes to great lengths to convince himself that this has not happened. He visits old hang-outs just to prove he has not forgotten the old places and old friends he knew during his less fortunate days.

And the spirit of the rover is still with him. "I went into debt when I came out of the Army, and I'm paying it off now," Mitchum says. "When I save 25,000 dollars I'll quit and leave Hollywood."

But the chances are that Hollywood won't let him. Too many people like his outspoken, fascinatingly individualistic personality.

SERIOUS Bob Mitchum and current leading lady Laraine Day relax on the set of RKO's "The Locket." Wineglasses contain tea—furnished by property man.

Actress can't resist lure of mink

By cable from BILL STRUTTON of our London office

NORWEGIAN-BORN actress Greta Gynt is finding her bank balance quite a bit lighter, due to the persuasive spell cast on stars sometimes by the clothes they wear in film roles.

For her role in "Dear Murderer," in which she stars with Eric Portman, Greta was issued with a lovely full-length mink coat, from the wardrobe department.

So used did she become to the delight of wearing it that at the end of the filming Greta sighed, drew out her cheque-book, and said to producer Betty Box: "It is no use. I have fallen in love with it. How much is it?"

* * *

FANS who write for Freda Jackson's autograph will have to pay for it.

Freda has adopted a children's hospital in London's Great Ormond Street, and says this little "racket" is the best means of collecting money for sick children she has yet found.

ROSAMUND JOHN and Swedish Mai Zetterling are busy counting one purl two plain and making oblique references to the patter of tiny feet.

* * *

MARGARET LOCKWOOD, whose popularity has now risen to the point where she gets one fan letter every 40 seconds, has been voted by two different polls conducted among fans as the most popular actress of the year, and feels she can relax from her busy schedule of film-making.

After starring in her latest vehicle, "Milk White Unicorn," Margaret is taking a holiday at last, and will tour Canada and the United States.

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ SONG OF THE SOUTH

WALT DISNEY has managed to recapture some of the immortal charm of the Uncle Remus "Brer Rabbit" stories in this full-length technicolor film, in which live actors and cartoons are skilfully intertwined.

Basic story deals with lonely little Johnny (Bobby Driscoll), who is shown by wise old Uncle Remus (James Baskett) how to deal with life's problems, by comparing them to those of the animals in the "Briar Patch."

Children will adore the tar-baby story, a colorful cartoon sequence with Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox at their best. There are also other delightful cartoon animals with southern negro accents.—Mayfair; showing.

★★ 13 RUE MADELEINE

ALTHOUGH Fox have gone to pains in this film to give a realistic account of some of the underground strategy which played its part in assuring victory in World War II, one gets the feeling that we are still too close to yesterday's headlines for its full value to come across.

Producer Louis de Rochemont has made effective use of the "March of Time" technique to set his theme, with James Cagney as a training officer in the strategic service, who parachutes into France to capture a Nazi collaborator.

Script is very convincing, but Cagney suffers at times by comparison with a superb Richard Conte, who plays the Gestapo agent.—Plaza showing.

★★ THE SEA OF GRASS

IN spite of fine acting from MGM's Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Melvyn Douglas, "The Sea of Grass" is one story that loses a great deal by being adapted for the screen.

Based on Conrad Richter's best-seller, it concerns the almost poetic love of one of the early Texas cattle barons for his untouched grazing lands.

Spencer Tracy is the iron-jawed Col. Jim Brewton, and Katharine Hepburn his St. Louis wife, who leaves him temporarily for legal man Brice (Douglas). Robert Walker is their ill-starred son.—Liberty; showing.

★ LADIES' MAN

PARAMOUNT have tried to patch up a very far-fetched plot in this musical by providing any number of songs, a smattering of dance routines, and Spike Jones and his City Slickers, who give their own unique version of three well-known tunes.

But the plot limps along, with Eddie Bracken cast as an unbelievably naive oil millionaire who lands in Manhattan and immediately gets involved with a designing radio broadcaster (Virginia Welles).—Capitol; showing.

★ THE MAGIC BOW

THOUGH the life of Paganini and his magic touch were memorable enough to inspire several admirable biographies, there is little memorable about him as portrayed by Stewart Granger in this badly directed Gainsborough film.

The music is excellent, and Granger did learn to finger the bow very conscientiously. But even if his acting had come up to this standard it would not help much, for the story was poorly screenplayed.

Phyllis Calvert adds little to the film in her role of the rich countess.—Esquire; showing.

EYES ARE TURNED in one direction as Walter Pidgeon (in white) and young friend visit Greer Garson and Richard Hart (right) on the set of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "A Woman of My Own." The picture, which stars Miss Garson, is centred on a French coastal village and features Robert Mitchum, Florence Bates, Morris Ankrum, George Zucco, and Clinton Sunberg—also introduces New York actor Richard Hart.

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On their way to stardom

• *REDHEAD Arlene Dahl, former model, will be seen shortly in her first picture, Warners' technicolor, "My Wild Irish Rose."*

• *PROMISING Joan Caulfield is making her second film with Bing Crosby, Paramount's "Welcome Stranger," in which she plays part of schoolteacher.*

• *SONGBIRD Kathryn Grayson (left) has sung in many films. Next film is MGM's "It Happened in Brooklyn," a technicolor musical.*

• *DARK-HAIRED Wanda Hendrix, remembered for her acting in "Confidential Agent," is working on Warners' "Nora Prentiss," starring Ann Sheridan.*

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*Mother's Day is May 11th

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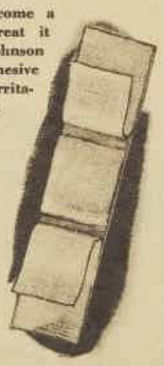

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FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY

1 GAMBLING CHIEF Pete Marchettis (Tom Gomez) runs lavish New York gambling house, with Johnny O'Clock (Dick Powell) as junior partner. Johnny is also linked with Blaydon (Jim Bannon), who makes living from blackmail.

2 UNKNOWN to Johnny, Blaydon plans to break with checkroom girl Harriet (Foch), who knows too much.

3 APPARENT SUICIDE of Harriet brings sister Nancy (Evelyn Keyes) to New York, where she is questioned by Detective Koch (Lee J. Cobb), investigating Harriet's death and disappearance of Blaydon.

4 ENTANGLEMENTS are added through actions of Nelle (Ellen Drew), Marchettis' frivolous wife, who is madly in love with Johnny.

JOHNNY O'CLOCK

ONE of the largest and most lavish gambling sets ever used in Hollywood was constructed at Columbia Studios for the filming of "Johnny O'Clock," which is set almost entirely in a gambling house.

Professional gambling house dealers, croupiers, and three truckloads of game tables were brought from Las Vegas and Mexico for the casino scenes.

Star Dick Powell is again well cast as a gangster, and has given up musical roles for good. He is ably supported by Evelyn Keyes, Ellen Drew, Tom Gomez, and Nina Foch.

6 PLANNING to escape, Johnny returns to Marchettis' den to dissolve partnership. Leaving with money, he is wounded by the vindictive Marchettis, and has to shoot him.

5 DISCOVERY of Blaydon's body in the river brings both Johnny and Marchettis under suspicion for murder. Autopsy also shows that Harriet died from poison.

7 SPURNED BY JOHNNY, Nelle informs on him to police and gambling house is surrounded. Johnny pulls gun and makes last bid to escape by holding up Det. Koch.

8 LOVE FOR NANCY makes Johnny realise it is better to take his punishment. She promises to wait for him, so he hands over gun and allows detectives to take him away.

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SEASON'S HITS FROM AMERICA

● American designer Philip Mangone's white wool jacket over a ginger wool skirt. Note the smooth-fitting riding jacket with the longer skirt.

● Double-breasted wool town suit, with nipped-in waist and silver buttons. The heavy wool scarf of the hat and the accessories are deep brown.

● Perfect for the traveller, camel-hair coat the color of rich, red earth, double-breasted, fitted into the waist, full-skirted, and full-sleeved. The detachable hood, which tucks into the nigger-brown contrasting collar, is lined to match.

● A natural - colored leather belt with square cut-outs through which you thread your personal repertoire of gaily colored scarves to pep up a neutral-colored dress.

● Tiny sailor with a high pill-box crown in winter yellow-green. Cluster of yellow and green wool yarn balls falling down one side is a gay note.

● Pastel-blue wool makes this suit with a new, fitted cutaway jacket and rounded shoulders. Yellow silk scarf ties under collar and tucks into front. Brown accessories include smart new over-the-shoulder umbrella.

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ACTUAL STATEMENT BY

Alexis Smith

Warner Brothers star in "RHAPSODY IN BLUE"

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GARDEN PATHS

By OUR HOME GARDENER

A GARDEN has been said to consist of two principal elements—the beds and the walks or paths that connect them.

The chief use of paths is to make the planting areas or beds accessible. They have a secondary use—hardly less important than the first—to help make the garden beautiful.

Footpaths in themselves are flat and uninteresting and not even attractive, but as a complement to and contrast with the flowers, shrubs, and trees, they become an essential part of the garden picture.

Assuming, therefore, that the walks are well laid out, which really means that the garden ground-plan is a good one, how can they be made useful and beautiful?

The answer to this is—according to the circumstances and the good taste of the owner or his adviser, and the cost.

Many kinds of garden walks can be made cheaply, and their beauty will then depend on their fitness rather than on their cost. Materials include bricks, concrete, gravel, tiles, flags, slabs, grass, or just "dirt."

Bricks are admirable and traditional material for footpaths, but today are difficult to get. They may be laid flat or on edge, set in cement, and the crevices also filled in with this material, or the openings widened and filled with good soil to enable small plants to flourish therein.

Much depends upon the pattern used when laying a brick path. They can be laid in twos vertically and twos horizontally, in a diagonal step (a rather wasteful method because it involves cutting up many bricks to fill corners), or in a simple rectangular pattern—two horizontal, one vertical—with a stout timber or narrow concrete kerb.

Gravel walks and footpaths are dependent upon the material obtainable. Bauxite used to be popular, but the cheaper crushed conglomerate and river gravel are more popular. A good foundation is the chief factor in making a gravel path—which must be firmly laid and kept free of weeds to look well.

Concrete footpaths are the most permanent, but are fairly expensive, and in most cases too hard to remove for a gardener who likes to change his garden around occasionally. Asphalt and tar materials are cheap, but frowned upon to-day by most owing to the oils and other deleterious matter that ooze from them during hot weather.

Tiles are also very attractive, but difficult to obtain and most expensive. This also applies to flags, except in districts where sandstone is obtainable easily.

Dirt footpaths are the cheapest of all, and can be made very serviceable when top-dressed with well-washed cinders or gravel. Unless kept weeded, they are a source of considerable labor.

Grassy paths are very restful and add great beauty to the garden. The difficulty of trimming the edges can be largely overcome if flags or concrete about 8 to 10in. wide flank each side. The mower can then be run right over the edge, and trimming is an easy matter if a sharp knife or edging tool is used regularly.

THERE'S something charming about the traditional brick path. This one, above, set herringbone fashion, looks most attractive with its border of azaleas.

ADOPTING A BABY . . . By MEDICO

All names in this article are purely fictitious

"WE have been married six years, doctor. Both my husband I have been thoroughly examined and we have been told that we cannot have children. Can you advuse us how to go about adopting a baby?" asks Mrs. Wentford.

"First of all," I told them, "you must both see the director of the State children's department. He will give you the necessary forms to fill in. When you have been approved *as foster parents, let me know and I will select a baby for you to see.*"

"I suppose an adopted baby is the best substitute for one of our own?" queried Mrs. Wentford.

"An adoption is not a substitute, it is parenthood. The baby will be your child in every way from the time of adoption. The baby will bear your name, and will be cared for and nourished by you. The influence of your home will mould the baby in your ways of life. The child will inherit a share of your worldly goods."

"Should I tell the child of the adoption?" she asked.

"You certainly should," I told her. "When old enough to understand, the child should be told of how the choice was made, and then never mentioned again."

"Should I inquire about the child's parents?"

"The less you know of the child's biological parents the better. For your own peace of mind, they should not know anything of you."

"What if the child develops bad traits?"

"Who of us are so pure bred (in the sense that animal-breeders use the words) that we have no inheritance of bad traits? It is only too easy to blame heredity for the faults in our own children. What we should do is to correct them by a good environment."

"How successful has adoption proved to be?" she asked.

"One thousand adopted children were studied in America. Seven hundred were entirely successful. Half the remainder were doubtful, and only 150 had failed to adjust themselves to their new home. But many of these failures had been caused by faults in the adopting parents.

"It is important to remember that the child adopts the parents, too. They must meet the child half way in making the adjustment. The first step for the parents is to look upon the child as their very own, as indeed he is."

"What is the best age to adopt a child?"

"As early as possible," I told her. "But as the baby will be fed from a bottle, you must first learn the methods of artificial feeding. It's much easier to keep a baby well than to fight your way out of trouble."

"Do parents ever adopt more than one child?" she asked.

"Quite often," I told her. "One mother I know has adopted five babies—one every two years. They are a very happy family, and the mother wouldn't part with one of them. An adopted family is even better than an adopted baby."

For pre-natal safety

By SISTER MARY JACOB
Our Mothercraft Nurse

ALWAYS co-operate with your doctor and clinic during the whole of the pre-natal period.

- Carry out all of the simple rules they teach for an adequate "protective" diet, proper elimination, fresh air, sunshine, outdoor exercises, and the special exercises that teach you to control those muscles that assist in the natural birth of your baby.
- Report at once any signs or symptoms you notice that appear to depart from the normal.

There are certain minor discomforts of pregnancy such as "morning sickness," heartburn, flatulence, etc., and pressure symptoms such as shortness of breath, swelling of the feet, cramps in the legs that can be treated, and relief obtained, and about which there need be no anxiety.

- **Medical advice should at once be sought** for severe and constant vomiting (which is causing rapid loss of weight), for persistent headache, swelling of the hands, as well as of the feet, for giddiness, any bleeding at any stage, and any cessation of the movements of the baby after they have been definitely felt for some time.

The pre-natal section of The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, situated on the fifth floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, gives a free service to expectant mothers either by personal interview or by letter. A stamped addressed envelope is requested for advice or for leaflets.

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FOOTPATHS give your garden character — bricks can be set out herringbone fashion, in squares, or four or five other patterns. Crazy stone (shown in picture at left) enables the gardener to use up odd-shaped flags or pieces of concrete, and, above, the broad, smooth flagstone adds dignity to any flower-bed.

Beauty sleep...

By CAROLYN EARLE

THOUGH most people don't realise it, having a "Beauty Sleep" is not just the survival of an ageing cliche, it's a physiological fact.

Sleep is a very special food; did you know that all the good food we eat each day can do no good if you do not get sufficient sleep? Only during our sleeping hours does the body assimilate the foods we eat during the day. That is when the body is regenerated, especially if that sleep is relaxed.

We learn that exhaustive tests and experiments have resulted in a complete approval of the methods of sleep followed by animals: in other words, the methods of nature.

Incidentally, have you ever watched animals sleeping? Does your dog stretch out at full length, or does she roll up into a ball? Why, of course, she curls up, and looks utterly comfortable and relaxed.

These experiments, then, indicate that the greatest possible relaxation occurs when the sleeper curls up like a kitten. The strain on the bones and muscles is slightest then. A restless sleep (which is obviously an unhealthy sleep) indicates a strained position, and sometimes a measure of pathological fatigue.

All this is not meant to suggest that you immediately commence to strike a pretzel-like position in which to retire, but I do think it rather scoops the limbs-stretched-out-full-length theory.

Sleep experts (yes, there are those, too) nominate high in the list of slumber-persuaders a bed that is fully seven inches longer than your extended length; for street noises that bother you, ear-stoppers or cotton-wool to keep them out; eyeshades to be worn while sleeping if street lights annoy you.

The rank-and-file type of sleeper will usually settle down quite happily for a straight eight hours' rest in a bedroom that is sufficiently dim and quiet, with the windows open to permit fresh air to circulate.

Have a comfortable mattress, neither too soft nor too hard, smooth, unwrinkled sheets, tucked in securely all round, light but warm coverings, clothes loose and unhampering.

Not being able to sleep may be due to any one of many reasons—worrying about your job, your beau, your husband, overtiredness, lack of fresh air, rumpled bedding, and so on, in which case the problem has to be tackled at the source and overcome. Some of us can help get rid of worry by reading or listening to soft music for a while.

A warm, scented bath, followed by a light snack, such as a glass of warm milk and a plain biscuit, a cup of mineral broth, will help relax the nerves and prepare you for a night of sound slumber. Digestion takes the flow of blood away from the brain to the stomach and this helps towards better sleep.

ABOVE you see a clever jerkin for cooler days, simply made from corduroy, or even felt, finished off with easy blanket-stitching. If made of corduroy velvet, blanket-stitch finish could be omitted.

Made in a jiffy...

Corduroy Jerkin

THIS snappy jerkin looks so smart in the house, and it is grand under a coat, as there are no sleeves to cause bulkiness. It is made from strips of corduroy, felt, or from pieces of material.

For the front you need two strips 27in. by 6in. The back can be cut as a piece 23in. by 14in., or as two strips 6in. wide and a centre strip 3in. wide, all 23in. long. For the belt you need two strips 23in. long and 2in. wide; for the tiny pocket a piece 4in. by 2½in.

Fold up each front strip to make a pocket 4in. deep. Join back strips into one piece, then join fronts to back at shoulder, sloping them to fit. Work blanket-stitch all round and across top of pockets with three rows for decoration on the pockets. Blanket-stitch the small pocket and sew in place. Fold belt strips lengthwise, stitch, and turn. Sew one each side of centre back to tie in front.

—and keep free from winter colds."

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Experts

SATISFYING DINNERS

● It's important to plan meals well balanced from the point of view of nutrition . . . It's equally important to plan meals that will satisfy hearty, healthy appetites.

MAKING meals appetising, attractive, varied, and satisfying is not so difficult when we consider the wealth of foodstuffs available.

Even then, some imagination and a great deal of enthusiasm are necessary to ring the changes with staple foodstuffs and produce meals that are a feast for the eye as well as a delight to the palate.

Of course, you plan your meals with one eye on their nutritional properties, but don't forget that some meals, though perfect from the nutritional angle, are sometimes not quite as satisfying as a hungry family has a right to expect!

Root vegetables, fruit (either fresh or cooked), and cereals help to give meals a satisfying quality as well as providing health-giving nutrients.

Macaroni, spaghetti, breadcrumbs, and vegetables are valuable in extending small quantities of meat to make more substantial dinner dishes.

Hot food is, of course, more satisfying than cold food. But remember to include some uncooked food, preferably salad vegetables or fruit, in the diet each day.

The menus listed here, built around simple, readily available foodstuffs, provide both appetite satisfaction and the so necessary nourishment.

MENU No. 1.

(See color photograph)

Wing Rib Roast
Yorkshire Pudding Puffs
Baked Potatoes
Shredded Cabbage with Red and Green Peppers
Toffee Baked Apples
Orange Crumb Custard

YORKSHIRE PUDDING PUFFS

One cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk, 2 eggs, ½ cup water.

Sift flour and salt into a basin. Make a well in the centre, pour in milk, stir from centre outwards until all milk is absorbed. Stir in well-beaten eggs, then water. Beat batter until large bubbles rise to surface. Stand aside 1 hour. Beat again. Spoon into hot greased muffin-tins or gem-irons. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 10 to 15 minutes. Serve hot with roast beef.

TOFFEE BAKED APPLES

Six red apples, ½ lemon, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon butter, ½ cup water, extra ½ cup sugar.

Wash and dry apples, remove cores. Make a slit round centre of each apple with a sharp knife. Carefully peel apple skin above slit. Squeeze lemon juice over peeled portion to prevent discoloration. Using the 3 tablespoons sugar mixed with lemon rind, fill centres of apples, dot with butter. Place in dish, pour water round. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) until apples are tender. Cool slightly, arrange in serving dishes. Place liquid from dish in saucepan, add extra ½ cup sugar, bring to boil. Remove half, color pink, pour round apples. Cook balance of syrup quickly until toffee-colored, spoon over tops of apples. Allow to set; serve cold.

ORANGE CRUMB CUSTARD

Two heaped tablespoons powdered milk, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind of 1 orange and ½ lemon, few drops of almond essence, 2 tablespoons cake crumbs or breadcrumbs.

Warm the water, beat in the powdered milk, sugar, and egg-yolks. Add grated fruit rind and almond essence. Fold in crumbs and lastly stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased ovenware dish, stand in a tin of cold water. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) until set (40 to 45 minutes). Serve hot or cold.

SHREDDED CABBAGE WITH RED AND GREEN PEPPERS

Four cups shredded cabbage, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon water, ½ red pepper, ½ green pepper.

Place shredded cabbage in saucepan with margarine or butter and water. Sprinkle with salt. Cover closely and cook 7 to 8 minutes over low heat. Shake pan occasionally to prevent sticking. Slice peppers into rings, remove seeds, cook 5 minutes in boiling water. Use to garnish cabbage or toss lightly with cabbage before serving.

ROAST BEEF and Yorkshire pudding—an inseparable pair always! You'll like the toffee baked apples, orange crumb custard, and the delicious flavor of cabbage with red pepper.

MENU No. 2.

Cheesed Veal Slices
Saratoga Chipped Potatoes
Cauliflower and White Sauce
Carrot Rings
Quince Shortcake

CHEESED VEAL SLICES

One and half pounds veal steak (cut ½in. thick), 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 4 tablespoons fine white breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, fat for frying, lemon wedges.

Cut steak into service-sized pieces. Beat egg, mix with milk. Combine cheese, lemon rind, and breadcrumbs, mixing well. Dip steak pieces in flour, salt, and pepper, then in egg and milk mixture. Drain, toss in breadcrumb mixture. Press crumbs on well with broad-bladed knife. Dip again in egg-glazing and breadcrumbs, press again with knife blade. Melt a small quantity of fat in shallow pan until fuming. Place meat in, brown quickly on both sides. Reduce heat, cook gently a further 10 to 15 minutes. Drain on kitchen paper. Serve hot with brown gravy; garnish with lemon wedges.

QUINCE SHORTCAKE

One and a half cups diced cooked quinces (free from syrup), ½ cup quince syrup, 3 level teaspoons arrowroot or cornflour, 3oz. margarine or good clean fat, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Blend arrowroot or cornflour with quince syrup. Stir over low heat until boiling—cook 1 minute. Fold in diced quinces, allow to cool. Cream margarine with lemon rind and sugar. Add unbeaten egg, mixing well. Fold in milk, then sifted flour and salt. Fill half the mixture into a well-greased 8in. sandwich-tin. Spread with cooled quinces, cover with balance of cake mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold with custard, ice-cream, or lemon sauce.

Continued on page 43

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Try this delicious Bournville recipe

CHOCOLATE JELLIES

1 egg — ½ pint milk
1 dessertspoonful Bournville Cocoa
2½ gills hot water
About 1½ dessertspoonfuls sugar
1 pint packet vanilla jelly
Desiccated coconut.

METHOD—Beat up the egg. Mix the cocoa to a paste with a spoonful of the milk. Boil the remainder, stir on to it, return to the pan, and boil for one minute, then cool slightly, and add to the egg. Pour into a jug and add the sugar. Stand it in a saucepan of hot water and cook until the custard thickens. Stir it occasionally and be careful not to let it curdle. When cooked, pour the custard into a basin and leave until cold. Dissolve the jelly in the hot water and leave also until cold, then stir gradually into the custard. Pour into small wet moulds and leave until set. Turn on to a dish and sprinkle a teaspoonful of desiccated coconut on each.

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THREE OVEN DISHES

WIN CASH PRIZES

EGG - PLANT DELICIOUS, grand luncheon dish, is shown above, and (right) crusty orange cream tart.

SWEET and savory dishes . . . interesting, varied, and different . . . win this week's cash prizes in our best recipe contest.

Cheese pastry makes a fine base for an egg-and-bacon pie, the foundation of which is a savory custard topped with a snowy cheese meringue.

EGG-PLANT DELICIOUS

One egg-plant, brown breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon fat, tomato slices, grilled bacon rashers, grated cheese.

Cut egg-plant into ¼in. slices, peel thinly. Sprinkle salt over each piece. Pile up. Cover with weight for ½ hour to extract surplus juices. Rinse each piece in cold water, dry thoroughly. Dip in breadcrumbs and saute in hot fat. Place tomato slices and pieces of grilled bacon on larger centre slices. Top with smaller slices. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Place in moderately hot oven 10 to 15 minutes till cheese is slightly browned. Serve hot as a luncheon dish.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. C. Smithers, 2 Hilltop, 224 Clovelly Rd., Randwick, N.S.W.

SAVORY EGG AND BACON PIE

Four ounces cheese pastry, ½lb. bacon rashers, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, ½ teaspoon salt, and pinch cayenne pepper.

Line 7in. tart-plate with pastry. Beat yolks of eggs and add milk. Add chopped bacon, parsley, salt and pepper. Pour into pastry shell. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F.) 30 to 40 minutes, reducing heat to moderate (350deg. F.) after first 10 minutes. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold in cheese, salt, and cayenne pepper. Spread on top of pie. Return to slow oven till meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Crosskey, c/o P.O., Marleston, S.A.

CRUSTY ORANGE CREAM TART

Two cups finely crushed biscuits (measured after crushing), 1 teaspoon flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ cup melted margarine or butter, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

Filling: One and threequarter cups milk, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon orange rind, few drops almond essence, 2 egg-whites, and 2 tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Add flour, sugar, melted shortening and cinnamon to crushed biscuits. Mix well together. Pack nearly all mixture into 7in. tart-plate, pressing firmly round sides and bottom of dish. Cook in moderate oven, 375deg. F., for 15 to 20 minutes.

Melt shortening and add flour. Cook 1 minute. Add milk and stir till boiling. Remove from heat. Beat egg-yolks and sugar together. Add to sauce, stirring well. Add orange rind and almond essence. Pour into pastry shell. Decorate with meringue made from whites of eggs and sugar, and sprinkle remainder of biscuit mixture in centre of dish. Place in oven to lightly brown meringue. May be served hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Wilson, 10 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

SATISFYING DINNERS

Continued from page 42

MENU No. 3.

Savory Beef Rolls
Brussels Sprouts Creamed Potatoes
Turnip Slices
Nutty Marmalade Squares

SAVORY BEEF ROLLS

One and a half pounds topside or round steak (cut no more than ¼in. thick), 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, salt and pepper, 2 small onions, 2 rashers bacon, 1 tablespoon fat, ½ cup water, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup stock.

Trim fat from steak, cut into pieces about 4in. by 8in. Spread lightly with mustard; dust with salt and pepper. Top with thinly sliced onion and diced bacon. Roll up and tie securely with coarse thread. Melt fat in heavy saucepan, add beef rolls, and brown lightly. Add water, cover, and simmer 1½ hours. Remove meat, add flour to remaining fat (water will have evaporated). Brown lightly, stir in stock. Bring to boil, simmer until thickened. Return meat to pan to reheat. If liked, gravy may be further flavored with tomato and Worcestershire sauce. Remove cotton from rolls before serving.

NUTTY MARMALADE SQUARES

Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup margarine or good clean fat, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 2 tablespoons marmalade, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 egg, ½ cup milk.

Sift 1 cup of the flour, add sugar. Rub in shortening, add walnuts. Take out ½ cup of the mixture and reserve for topping. Sift balance of flour with salt, baking powder, and nutmeg. Add to first mixture. Make into a firm dough with beaten egg and milk. Spread into greased slab-tin. Mix marmalade into ½ cup of mixture reserved for topping and spread over mixture in tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 35 to 40 minutes. Serve hot. Marmalade may be spooned on top of each serving.

EATING IN SIX LANGUAGES by Hesling

HEIL DER SENF! (HAIL TO THE MUSTARD!)

The German was "Heil"-ing mustard long before he was "Heil"-ing other things. Here we see him in very much pre-war pose, complete with *sauerkraut, liederkranz, Wiener schnitzel* and five kinds of sausage.

Incidentally, all these foods, along with many more usual dishes, are marvellously improved by the KEEN'S MUSTARD which our friend keeps in the second beer stein* on the right.

*(Note: The one with the spoon in it.)

K9/127

NERVY, RUNDOWN

MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN

Extra minerals in BIDOMAK will build you up. Make this 14 day, no-risk test, and see how quickly you regain health, good spirits and feel on top of the world again.

A husband who is irritable and edgy can't concentrate on his work and has no energy for enjoyment . . . a wife worries, has sleepless nights, and finds the housework getting her down . . . a youngster who is nervous, lacks vigour, and just picks at his food —these people are really half-sick, but they don't realise it. They need the rich, red blood cells and extra minerals that BIDOMAK will give them. BIDOMAK is guaranteed to do this in 14 days, or costs nothing . . . . . and here's the reason . .

BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS

Such disorders are often caused by the impoverished blood stream, starved for minerals. Your blood stream, as you know, is one of your most important organs. It brings nourishment and life-giving oxygen to the tissues, and contains chemical substances vitally essential to every organ, cell, nerve, bone, and tissue in your body.

MINERAL STARVATION MAY CAUSE MANY DISORDERS

A mineral deficiency in the blood stream is a basic cause of many ills, including that group of disorders which we call "nerve troubles". Weakness, lassitude, lumpiness, irritability, "depressed feeling," brain fag, inability to concentrate, some common forms of headache, and stomach troubles.

NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH

When you get enough of these minerals the results of mineral deficiency disappear, and you regain health as a natural consequence. The scientist who perfected BIDOMAK combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, sodium, and potassium. Then he added Catalytic Copper and manganese salts in an approved form. These additional minerals speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

QUICK IMPROVEMENT

If you are suffering from mineral deficiency, BIDOMAK thus makes you feel fitter and brighter quickly. Aches and pains leave you. Work is no longer a burden—play is fun. You lose that "tight" feeling at the back of the neck. You no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally, and you wake refreshed, instead of "screwed-up" mentally and tired physically. The whole system is braced up—as a natural result of revitalised nerves and arteries recharged with new, rich, red blood cells.

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Try pleasant-to-take BIDOMAK for 14 days—if you do not feel stronger, and show a general all-round improvement in your health, the trial is absolutely free and your money is refunded on return of the nearly empty bottle within 14 days of purchase to the Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn Street, Sydney. Get guaranteed BIDOMAK to-day.

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